

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1078 OCTOBER 1955

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Literary Supplement—*Contributors*: Dr. David Thomson, Sir William P. Barton, Ralph E. Lombardi, Leslie Bishop, W. H. Johnston, Professor George Catlin, Canon John Hallet, Grace A. Wood, Dr. F. S. Boas, Sylva Norman, A. de Montmorency, S. L. Bensusan, Grace Banyard.

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

DR. ADENAUER

KLADDERADETSCH, that worthy mid-Victorian organ of German liberalism, once depicted Bismarck as pointsman of Europe, sending the international trains wherever he liked. Dr. Adenauer has not yet reached that position in foreign politics; but as head of his government he holds a position of eminence which has now and then suggested such a comparison, and with better justification. But there is a vast difference in the qualities which led the two men to the highest positions. Bismarck, for many years, enjoyed—it is the *mot juste*—bad health; Dr. Adenauer is in the possession of a sinewy robustness reminiscent rather of Gladstone. His vigour is on the way to becoming legendary. A florist's catalogue recently listed a rose which the grower had elected to call Konrad Adenauer: "Very tall, flowering slowly but surely in every weather . . . upright, on a strong stalk . . . Konrad Adenauer is a prolific rose of robust health." The wording of course was chosen to fit the facts and the legend. Besides his old man's vigour the Chancellor has one further youthful quality, a passion for speed. His dash by car from his villa at Rhöndorf on the right bank of the Rhine across the river to the Chancellor's office in Bonn on the left bank, along some pretty poor roads in part, is carried on, if at all possible, "mit hundert Sachen,"—at 100 km. or 62 miles an hour. Nor does the Chancellor fail to engage his driver in conversation the while, in the broad Cologne dialect he sometimes uses when he elects to be popular. Perhaps, after all, this love of speed reflects an obstinate will-power rather than impetuosity; it is certainly a kind of leathery toughness that has marked the Chancellor both in his foreign and in his domestic dealings. One reason for this, on top of his innate vigour—he manages on a Napoleonically exiguous amount of sleep—lies in the fact that until 1945 he led a restful life—restful, at any rate, as compared with men like Churchill. While Churchill was bearing the Atlantean burden of the war Adenauer was growing roses in his garden at Rhöndorf and meditating, so it is alleged, on ultimate things. He reached at any rate one fairly obvious conclusion, shared by others, that there would have to be a break with the past. Whether his thoughts, expressed in terms of a political programme, achieved any additional profundity may be doubted. But if his ideas did not become deeper they certainly became wider. His earlier, pre-Nazi career had after all been essentially that of an administrator. At 36 he became "second" and at 41 Senior Burgomaster of Cologne, and his work there certainly provided a model of the way in which a fairly large and important city ought to be run. Under him the University at Cologne was founded, the first stadium in Germany was built, the first international Press exhibition was held. Bridges and harbour works were constructed and building estates developed. Those deep downward folds from the side of the nose to below the mouth—it is perhaps not fanciful to see in them the mark of an efficient administrator who at one stage was not much more than a glorified bureaucrat. He shares that particular facial expression with Goethe, and Goethe had more than a small dose of the bureaucrat in him.

The years at Cologne Town Hall induced in him a sort of political rigidity; his ideas of negotiation, of promoting a given line of policy, did

not get much beyond a rather narrow *do ut des*, a method in any case enshrined in German political tradition. His meditations at Rhöndorf did not lead him towards any greater flexibility or fertility of ideas. But he does seem to have realized that, if he was ever to enter politics, he would have to find a wider programme than that open to a Chief Burgomaster. For this purpose none of the Parties in existence when Hitler took power suited his ends. He had joined the Centre Party and he had actually been asked by Hindenburg, in May 1926, to form a government. Nothing came of the attempt. And the history of the Centre preached eloquently the political demerits of a narrowly exclusive party ideology. Under the Empire the Centre had at least been remarkably consistent in the number of Deputies it returned; it had at least held about a quarter of the seats and had been in a good position to forward its sectional interests, precisely on the principle of *do ut des*. But under the Weimar Republic it had steadily declined, until by November 1932 it almost reached vanishing point. Even from a party politician's point of view it was clear that something wider was needed, for example the Christian Democratic Union.

Dr. Adenauer's name does not appear among those of the founding fathers of the C.D.U., though the idea of a party comprehending Christians of every denomination (an idea common throughout Western Europe at the time when the war was drawing to a close) must have appealed to him on ethical grounds. Later events show that it must have appealed to him for another reason as well: not only from the contents but also from the breadth of its appeal. Though the programme issued at the launching of the party says nothing about it, the writer possesses evidence to show that one of the founders' objects was to promote a two-party system—the other party presumably being the S.P.D. Dr. Adenauer's violent dislike of anything like Stresemann's Great Coalition proves that if he did not indirectly inspire the idea he must have liked it as soon as it was mentioned. Obviously the head of a majority party is stronger than the head of a "great" coalition, where the wishes of what otherwise would have been the Opposition are bound to carry a special weight. "Der Starke ist am mächtigsten allein."

The C.D.U. thus was a useful instrument in the hands of a strong-willed Chancellor; and his position was further strengthened by the well-known provision of the Basic Law which compels a hostile majority forcing a vote of no confidence to provide a successor to the defeated Chancellor. But the position of strength which Dr. Adenauer has built up for himself rests on other circumstances besides the paragraphs of the Basic Law; it rests, inevitably, on environment and on his strong-willed character. When the Federal Republic was called into being it was not a sovereign state. It had neither a Foreign Office nor an army. Yet it was obvious from the beginning that it was bound to have a foreign policy and would sooner or later be re-armed, and it was natural that when these developments occurred the head of the government should exercise control over them. From the beginning Dr. Adenauer was his own Foreign Minister, a position not greatly altered by the recent appointment of Herr von Brentano; and it was the Chancellor who was the real head of the Blank office. The vast apparatus of the Press and Information Office was also

from the beginning in specially close liaison with the Federal Chancellor.

The Chancellor has therefore enjoyed a strong position over his colleagues in the Cabinet. The theory that a Prime Minister is *primus inter pares* contains a contradiction; the most interesting point about this perhaps is that, being an obvious paradox, it points to the need for a solution: there will generally be a dominant person in any Cabinet, if not the First Minister, then somebody else. In Dr. Adenauer's case the position of primacy gradually and in the circumstances naturally grew stronger. At this point of time it is possible merely to give scattered indications; yet they are fairly clear. The Basic Law laid it down that the President appointed Ministers on the Chancellor's recommendation, leaving it open whether the recommendation was binding; within a few months of the entry into force of the Basic Law a precedent had been created showing that in fact the Chancellor's wish had binding force.* "The Government is exclusively the Chancellor's instrument" (Dr. Heinemann, then Minister of the Interior, in *Welt*, 20/12/49). The competence of Ministers was kept under fairly strict control. Rules for Cabinet procedure were signed in May, 1951, by the President. They covered certain gaps in the Basic Law. Section 65, for instance, says that the Chancellor lays down the guiding lines of policy within which the Federal Ministers run their Departments. But what if a Department is rapidly expanding? The Chancellor has seen to it that, if a Minister wanted the guiding lines for his Department to be widened, he had to report to the Chancellor; if he wanted his competence to be extended the Cabinet voted on the proposal, the Chancellor having a casting vote.† Since the Chancellor's party would normally have the majority in any Cabinet, the Chancellor's wishes were virtually certain to prevail in any case. The chances of any German Joe Chamberlain arising to overshadow the head of the Cabinet were thus reduced to a minimum. Apart from what written amplification of the Constitution might do to strengthen the Chancellor's position his frequent absences—sometimes for business connected with foreign affairs and sometimes not—strengthened his autocratic powers. When the details of the Schuman Plan were being worked out the government delegation in Paris reported direct to the Chancellor, who was holidaying in Switzerland, to the exclusion of other members of the Cabinet. The Bundesrat too has on occasion complained of being kept in the dark by the Chancellor.

It was mentioned that the founders of the C.D.U. aimed at a two-party system. In the Bundestag Dr. Adenauer consistently refused any suggestion of a "Great Coalition"; he wanted the full rigour of the Parliamentary game. He also desired to see this system extended to the Länder, though there was nothing in the Basic Law to justify such an extension. Partly this may have been due to the fact that, so far as the early idealism of the party foundations survived, the left wing of the C.D.U. was not far removed from the right wing of the Social Democrats, a circumstance calculated to hamper the free working of a two-party system or at any rate of a Government-Opposition dualism. But there

* This principle was taken as well established when Dr. Adenauer was about to form his second Administration.

† Contrast British procedure. When the Cabinet is divided "votes are rare. The debate is continued until agreement is reached." Jennings, *Cabinet Government*, p.203.

can be little doubt that the Chancellor was also moved by the wish to exert a direct influence on his own party in the *Länder*.^{*} This tendency became early apparent. In 1950 a "Great Coalition" was in power in Hessen, in North-Rhine Westfalia and in Lower Saxony. When the Social Democrats launched a specially violent attack against his person in the Bundestag, the Chancellor used this as an occasion for insisting that the C.D.U. Minister in the Lower Saxon "Great Coalition" Government should withdraw. The term *Gleichschaltung* has been used to describe this tendency. This is an exaggeration. Yet the process did denote the Chancellor's will to force through his policy, though in a different way. He was aiming at the Bundesrat as much as at the Land governments. For a two-thirds' majority in the Bundesrat (as well as in the Bundestag) is necessary for legislation affecting the Basic Law; and the Chancellor's foreign policy affected or was thought to affect the Basic Law. The Chancellor was therefore trying to limit the Bundesrat's suspensory powers. The strength of his wish explains the vigour of his occasional strictures against this body.

In the course of six years the Chancellor has built up for himself a dominant position. The measure of his strength can be found in the way in which he over-rode the functions of some of his colleagues in the Cabinet. The long delay by the Ministry of Labour in preparing draft legislation for social reform, for instance, eventually led the Chancellor to call for his own draft. Conversely, the Coalition Parties have sometimes seen in him an umpire when they have been unable to agree, for example in the discussions on the electoral law. Yet this was a natural development. Years ago Schumacher said that the State was not identical with the Government, and the Government not identical with the Federal Chancellor. Was he right? In the literal sense of course he was. Nor would the Chancellor have made such a claim as that imputed to him by Schumacher. To a notably successful Minister like Dr. Erhard he has given a pretty free hand. But the facts behind Schumacher's question should be re-formulated. In any State, in a democracy as well as in an autocracy, government must be concentrated in a small body having executive powers—in a Cabinet; and within a Cabinet it is as well that the titular head, the *Prime Minister*, should be the first. Dr. Adenauer has followed these principles.

Will-power is the strongest element in the Chancellor's make-up; he has exercised it, much to the advantage of the Constitutional development of the Federal Republic, over these last six years. In foreign affairs he has naturally had to tame it, and in his last years he has mastered the art of patience—of letting time do its work. He seems to have acquired a profound optimism—a belief that all must eventually turn out right. But even in the conduct of foreign policy there have been occasional attempts at force—his rudeness to Herr Hoffmann, the First Minister of the Saar Territory, his attempts to isolate M. Mendès-France when the National Assembly was sabotaging the European Defence Community, and quite recently the remarkable passage in the Bulletin (which is published by the Press and Information Office and must be held to reflect the Chancellor's

* Similarly posts in the Federal Cabinet were allotted strictly in proportion to party strength when Adenauer formed his second Government in October, 1953.

views) just before the Geneva Conference, asserting that unless the German question was solved the Western Powers would deny the Russian Government the breathing space it desired. But activism of this sort has been rare. On the whole the Chancellor's policy can be reduced to the statement that he has followed with a single mind his strongest patron, the United States. He has done well on this policy. He has been spared, for instance, the crippling odium which Stresemann had to accept when he purchased the Allies' goodwill by adopting the policy of fulfilment. But this mental simplicity can be dangerous. When I saw him some months ago he professed to be convinced that Russia would soon be severely embarrassed because the Chinese, with their rapid growth of population, would presently be overflowing in a north-westerly direction, "into the most fertile provinces of Russia." I objected that they were already overflowing into Malaya and might prefer to continue in this direction; but this brought no response. The idea was primarily derived from one Dr. Starlinger, who spent some years in a Russian prison camp, was much impressed by the weaknesses of the Russian system and wrote a book about them. His conclusions probably agreed with views previously held by the Chancellor. The entire episode goes to show that Dr. Adenauer tends to adopt rather too readily a thesis, the correctness or otherwise of which is of vast importance for the ultimate success or failure of his policy, simply because the thesis fits in with his decision to stick to the United States. A grand simplicity is a good thing in art, but it can be very dangerous in the conduct of foreign affairs. Admirers have said that the Chancellor is never guilty of failing to see the wood for the trees. But the trees do exist; and—to drop metaphor—it is dangerous to follow any line, however attractively simple, without getting a firm grip on all the relevant details. Anyone reading Bismarck's State papers must admire his combination of detailed grasp with broad perspective. The difference between the two Chancellors may yet turn out to Dr. Adenauer's disadvantage.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

FRANCE AND NORTH AFRICA

THERE is no single North African problem for France. Racial affinities between the three territories of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, the indiscriminate and provocative radio propaganda of certain Arab States, and the simultaneous outbursts of terrorism in widely separated areas of Algeria and Morocco, give an impression of unity. But the simplification does not answer to the facts. Many causes of trouble are at work, different causes in different regions. At the bottom of Algerian discontent is acute economic depression. Morocco has its special problem of the political regime. Tunisia has given proof that its own case is distinctive. On August 31, a few days after the worst outbreaks of savagery in the Constantine region of Algeria and at Oued Zem in Morocco, a relatively calm Tunisia was listening to the news from Paris of the exchange of the instruments of ratification of the conventions giving it home rule.

In these countries the French regime has to face the extremely trying test of the new aspirations which have taken hold of the native populations all over Africa, and above all the awakening of Islam. Under the most perfect French administration North Africa could not have escaped this contagion. The present agitation has exposed glaring imperfections in all three forms of administration. But there is no room for the injurious assumption that the foundations of the work of generations have suddenly collapsed into chaos. French opinion is in evolution. There is a growing recognition of the need for change in the form of relationship between France and the North African peoples. But the belief in the mission of France, though progressively shorn of colonialism, is still alive. Still stronger, perhaps, is the belief that a continued French "presence" in North Africa is necessary for the standing of France in the world, and even, particularly, in Europe. It results from these beliefs that the French Government is bound to insist on its competence and its right to handle its North African problems for itself. Public opinion is divided on points of policy but united in its objection to outside interference. It is sensitive to comments in the Press of allied countries which seem to question either the competence or the right. Immediately after the end of the war the wave of sentimental hostility of American popular opinion to colonialism undoubtedly created difficulties for France. In North Africa not only agitators but authorised spokesmen of the peoples appeared to be playing at least for the moral support of America. In June, when he was preparing his plan for a new Moroccan regime, M. Faure, the Prime Minister, took precautions to make certain of his ground in this respect. He announced publicly that he had obtained an assurance from the American Ambassador of the American comprehension of the position and mission of France in Africa and of the necessity of maintaining order there "in the very interest of the Atlantic alliance."

Probably the scepticism expressed abroad as to the success of French action in North Africa was chiefly a doubt of the capacity of the French Government to set its own house in order and act with unity and resolution on a determined policy. Here the sceptics had some justification. M. Faure, a Radical like M. Mendès-France and who had been a member of the Mendès-France Ministry, had formed a Government on the model which the present National Assembly has made classical—an uneasy Ministry with an uneasy majority. It is scarcely a paradox to say that the system has attained the melancholy ideal of producing a Ministry which includes an Opposition. Neither General Koenig nor M. Pinay could be expected to accept with enthusiasm the bold schemes which M. Faure put forward for Morocco. M. Pinay commanded an important Conservative element of the majority, the Independents. General Koenig belonged to the group of the *Républicains Sociaux* (ex-Gaullists). The active hostility of elements of both these groups during the first stage of M. Faure's scheme resulted in the resignation of M. Grandval who had been appointed Resident-General in Morocco to prepare the way for its application. The mission of so energetic and resolute a Resident-General as M. Grandval needed the backing of a strong Government at home assured of the support of a faithful Parliamentary majority. That support failed because a part of the Opposition was inside the majority.

From the very start the distant figure of the exiled ex-sultan Ben Youssef in Madagascar cast its shadow over the discussions both in Paris and in Morocco. On his first visit to the native Moroccan quarters of Casablanca M. Grandval was received favourably, but with cheers for the ex-Sultan. The Government's instructions to the Resident-General had recognized that, while Ben Youssef had not been particularly popular when he was on the throne, he had gradually acquired the legendary prestige of a martyr since his deposition two years ago. The chief practical objective of M. Faure's plan was the setting up of a genuine Moroccan Government representing all parties and interests, and capable of negotiating with the French Government. Under whose authority was such a Government to be formed? The present Sultan enjoyed no effective prestige and, in any case, could not call on the Moroccan Nationalist parties. The Istiqlal, with whom M. Grandval had established contacts, insisted that they should have the approval of the ex-Sultan of any arrangement into which they entered. In deference to the "governmental opposition groups" M. Faure's Cabinet invited the reigning Sultan himself to suggest a proposed Government, no doubt as a *reductio ad absurdum* demonstration of its impracticability. The Government's instructions to M. Grandval had ruled out the return of Ben Youssef to the throne, which does not seem to have been demanded by anybody. The most feasible device, which came into favour, was to place the throne in commission by establishing a Council of Regency after the withdrawal of the present Sultan.

At Aix a committee consisting of M. Faure and four members of his Cabinet took over from M. Grandval the conversations with representative Moroccan interests. Though these discussions covered ground already trodden they served the purpose of rallying M. Pinay and General Koenig, both members of the committee, to a firm support of M. Faure's plan of conciliation and of some of its implications which had caused most trouble. General Catroux, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour and a very old acquaintance of Ben Youssef, was sent to Madagascar. The envoy was well chosen, and he was usefully accompanied by M. Pinay's *directeur de cabinet*. As a gesture of appeasement Ben Youssef is to be brought to France, where he will be treated with dignity. He declared his intention of not seeking to take advantage of present circumstances to assert his right to the Crown. He approved the plan for a constitutional government in Morocco under the authority of a Regency Council. The Faure scheme, assuming this arrangement to be finally adopted, appears therefore to be fairly launched, though in waters still troubled. After the many acts of terrorism and "counter-terrorism" and the atrocities of August 20 the atmosphere remained explosive. One object in approaching Ben Youssef was to obtain his help in creating calmer conditions.

Agreement on the general principle of setting up a Council of Regency and a Government was still a long way from a solution of the Moroccan problem. Not only had the conventions of "interdependence" (the word seems to be more and more accepted as the right one to define future relationships between the two associated countries) to be negotiated, but it is evident that important sections of the French population will expect very strict guarantees for their security. On the French side the Parliamentary prospect seemed less dangerous for the Government after M. Pinay had

declared positively for a policy of conciliation, but he had to face strong criticism from many members of his own group on his return from Aix.

In Algeria, as in Morocco, disorders spread rapidly during August, and in the northern Constantine region reached a climax of violence on August 20. The guerilla attacks by rebel bands which had started the Algerian troubles had not been a serious military menace, but a committee of inquiry of the National Assembly reported in June that the Mussulman population, while not as a whole favourable to the "outlaws," feared them and kept silence about their movements. The outbreak in the Constantinois in August and the repression which followed greatly increased the alarm and embittered relations between Mussulmans and Europeans. Dr. Bendjelloul, Mussulman Deputy for Constantine to the National Assembly, during a visit to Paris early in September, bore witness to the embitterment. It is one of the reassuring aspects of the Algerian situation that the Mussulman population has its elected representatives in the French Parliament. Politically and socially, however, the Mussulmans are conscious of flagrant inequalities between their own situation and that of their European neighbours. A statute for Algeria was adopted in 1947, and the Minister of the Interior declared some time ago that the greater part of it had been largely applied. An Algerian Assembly has been set up, but M. Mendès-France stated in a speech last July that the elections had been influenced by administrative pressure. As a consequence of recent events, and largely at the suggestion of M. Soustelle the Governor-General, the Government has adopted measures to spend money on industrial equipment, agrarian improvements and schools. M. Soustelle also asked for measures to lower prices of some common articles as an immediate relief, and an increase in the employment of Algerians in France. The fundamental trouble of Algeria is that it is an under-developed country. A population of 9 millions increases by 250,000 a year. It grows faster than the country's economy. There are 400,000 unemployed and a rather higher number partly employed. It is obviously a case for large investments which its own production cannot at present provide.

One object of the conversations with Moroccan parties and with the ex-Sultan was the rapid restoration of calm to the dramatic atmosphere in Morocco. M. Faure's fixing of a date-limit, September 12, for this preliminary stage of discussion helped towards this end. On September 13th the Prime Minister felt able to broadcast a declaration marking the decision of the Government to "close by a gesture of appeasement a painful chapter, now finished, of Franco-Moroccan history." This meant chiefly the question of the throne and obtaining the approval of the exiled ex-Sultan, on which the Moroccan Nationalist parties insisted, for the principles of the Faure plan of compromise—a Council of Regency and the setting up of a representative Moroccan Government.

Haste occasioned a certain hitch at this point. The delivery of a letter from President Coty to the reigning Sultan Ben Arafa, was postponed, apparently because only M. Faure and M. July had helped to draw it up, the other members of the Cabinet Committee of Five taking no share in its composition. M. Pinay, however, issued a statement saying he could not understand the fuss made about the matter and the interpretation of his attitude by certain newspapers. This seemed to show that there was no

serious obstacle to the opening of the next stage in the Faure plan—the beginning of its realisation. The Moroccan Nationalists were making some difficulties about the Regency Council, while the fraction of the National Assembly remaining hostile were still agitated, but by that time the expectation of a compromise by conciliation in Morocco had taken root in a steady body of public opinion.

In anticipation of the general acceptance of the Aix Compromise, which was the important first step towards a Moroccan settlement, the Faure Government prepared in mid-September a declaration outlining the future Franco-Moroccan relations, to be published simultaneously with a letter from the President of the Republic to the Sultan, Ben Arafa, whose departure to Tangier was expected to follow. But a serious difficulty occurred in the choice of the Council of Regency, which was to take the place of the Sultan. The Council was an essential to the scheme and the check held up all progress. It was intended that the Council should consist of three persons, a Nationalist, a "traditionalist" and a neutral. It was found difficult to get all the Moroccan interests concerned to agree on persons, and the situation was all the more complex because the Nationalist leaders were mostly in Paris, while the traditionalists were in Morocco. In these circumstances not only fresh names of possible candidates for the Council were being sought, but the enlargement of the Council to five was considered. The impasse was regrettable chiefly because of the obvious risk of repercussions on the general situation in Morocco, but other difficulties might arise if delay were prolonged.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

REVIVAL IN PORTUGAL

TO revisit Portugal after an absence of a quarter of a century is for a student of economic progress and constitutional history a thrilling experience. But even an untrained observer is immediately struck by the country's remarkable revival. Coming by road from Spain there is no longer need to use an antiquated ferry to cross the Tagus: at Vila Franca de Xira, some 14 miles from Lisbon, there is a 4,000-foot long, British-built bridge. Soon afterwards, surrounded mainly by American cars, but driving comfortably along a double carriage boulevard, one enters the capital. New residential districts, with modern and gaily coloured blocks of flats, meet the eye on every hand and contrast conspicuously with the indifferent or ugly houses built in the second half of the XIXth century, which are to be seen nearer the city centre. In the Praça do Comercio, which every Lisbonian calls Terreiro do Paço, while to the English it is Black Horse Square, you are in the XVIIIth century heart of the city, an imposing parallelogram of streets and squares rebuilt by Pombal after the terrible earthquake of 1755. He thought his plan grandiose, and after two centuries Praça do Comercio and Avenida da Liberdade still merit the adjective.

On a visit to Estoril as the guest of a diplomat friend I discovered that

another spectacular double carriage motor road now links Lisbon with Cascais. How this Portuguese Riviera has developed! It is almost a continuous chain of modest and luxurious private villas, big and small hotels, modern sea resorts and little towns which have succeeded in keeping their old, provincial charm. As our car cruised slowly through the town my friend pointed out the homes of Estoril's notable residents. "Don Juan of Borbón, the Spanish pretender, lives here; here, Umberto of Savoy, ex-king of Italy; this is the house of Admiral Horthy, ex-regent of Hungary; in that one lived ex-king Carol II of Rumania. . . ." As a place of exile for exalted personages nowhere could be pleasanter than Estoril.

However agreeable the *flâneries* across a beautiful land, or parties in friendly houses, I remembered that I had come to Portugal also to learn something about its present affairs. So, one evening I sat with a few informed Portuguese on a café terrace in the Rocio, Lisbon's open-air club which they never call by its official name, Praça Dom Pedro IV. The company asked me for my impressions.

"I can only compare what I see," I replied, "with my memories of 1931, and state that Pombal's Lisbon looks richer, that its outer, XIXth-century ring looks cleaner, and that the new Salazar Lisbon looks really imperial. The Lisbon I remember had somehow a provincial and vaguely oriental flavour. Oriental perhaps because, looking at it from São Jorge's Castle, the traveller suddenly recalls Istanbul with a similar magnificent position, the wide Tagus estuary taking the place of the Bosphorus. But the new Lisbon which fans out northwards and westwards across combs and hills, with spacious streets and squares, appears very western indeed. In 1926 Lisbon had just over half a million inhabitants. Now, I am told, it approaches the million mark. The tremendous motor traffic, the shop displays, the people's dress and, more often than not, the rotundity of their figures—all this suggests that Lisbon of today is the capital of a nation which lives normally, which has found its stability and which looks confidently to the future. Do I exaggerate?"

"You are right!" said the editor of a Lisbon newspaper. "Portugal under Salazar has made extraordinary material progress and the things you have noticed in Lisbon are only a few visible signs of it. But they are a result of a political revolution without which this progress would have been impossible. Remember that before 1926 our country, plunged into political anarchy, was economically decaying; morally it was paralysed by a depression, a gloomy crisis of pessimism. The Portuguese Republic had beaten all European records of governmental instability by producing 10 presidents and 52 cabinets from October 1910 to December 1925. Of course, parliamentary institutions had never worked satisfactorily in our country, even under the constitutional monarchy. Our budgets were constantly in deficit, our agriculture was archaic, our industry small and backward, our transport rudimentary and in a state of shameful disrepair, and, to crown it all, our great, and potentially rich, overseas empire, the glorious outcome of our pioneering in navigation and discovery, was a heavy financial drain on the modest resources of the mother country. Such was the situation three decades ago. Now look at our present position and compare."

Another member of the group entered the discussion. "There are people," he said, "who are bored with figures. But in the field of economics nothing is more convincing. Portugal is mainly an agricultural country, but before the revolution our land, a fertile one owing to its sunny but moist climate, was unable to feed our people. Salazar is a doctor of economic sciences, but not a sorcerer. All that he has done was to remove our political *caciques* (wire-pullers) from power and to apply common-sense to our national economy. The results are eloquent enough."

Eloquent indeed they are. In 1925 Portugal produced 345,500 metric tons of wheat, the people's staple food; the average production for the years 1952-54 was 673,000 tons, almost twice as much. And here are the yearly averages for other cereals for the years 1952-54 (with those for 1930-34 in brackets): barley 101,000 (43,000); oats 130,000 (92,000); rye 177,000 (118,000); maize 370,000 (381,000); rice 138,000 (36,000)—that is, with the exception of maize, considerable increases for every crop. Potato production trebled, rising from 339,600 tons in 1925 to an average of 1,075,000 tons in 1952-54. Production of olive oil increased from 46,000 tons in 1934-38 to a yearly average of 81,000 tons in 1950-54, which is more than is necessary for home consumption. The numbers of livestock increased in the last quarter of a century by almost one-third and there are now 973,000 head of cattle, 3,948,000 sheep and 1,253,000 pigs.

This increased production was dependent, of course, on other factors besides political and financial stability. The population rose too: it was about 6.5 million in 1925 and it is now over 8.5 million. As the home market grew bigger, metropolitan Portugal was still not self-sufficient in foodstuffs. In 1953, for instance, it imported 114,446 tons of wheat and 107,231 tons of sugar, but three-quarters of the latter came from the Portuguese overseas territories, that is, from the escudo area (£1=Esc.80.50).

Portugal is poor in fuels and iron ore and therefore imports yearly about 580,000 tons of coal (it extracts yearly 475,000 tons of anthracite), 180,000 tons of iron and steel, and 670,000 tons of petroleum products. Its chief manufactures are the textile, foodstuff, cement, chemical, leather, and china and glass industries. Electricity is the main source of energy. Total production in 1930 was 260 million kwh., of which only 89 million kwh. were hydro-electric; in 1954 the total output rose to 1,639 million kwh. of which 1,259 million kwh. came from hydro-electric power stations. This considerable increase in electricity output enabled the country to start building a big plant for the production of nitrogenous fertilizers at Alferrarede which is of foremost importance to the national agriculture.

The national income, which in 1938 was estimated at Esc.13,900 million, rose in 1953 to Esc.46,000 million. The national budget has expanded fivefold since 1925. But, while in that year revenue amounted to Esc.1,238 million, covering only three-quarters of expenditure, since 1932 not only have the budgets been balanced, but there has also always been a surplus. In 1953, for instance, the actual revenue amounted to Esc.6,488 million, while expenditure was Esc.6,407 million.

Foreign trade also expanded during the past three decades. The value of imports in 1954 amounted to Esc.10,141 million, that is, four times

more than in 1925. The value of exports in 1954 was Esc.7,292 million, eight times more than in 1925. When comparing the increases both in national budgets and foreign trade one should bear in mind the rise in prices, which, on an average, trebled during the period 1925-55.

An excess of imports is normal to Portugal's foreign trade and produces no strain on its balance of payments because it is compensated for by the trade between the mother country and the overseas territories. These provide the main destination of Portugal's exports (26.8 per cent in 1953) and are also its main source of imports (15.7 per cent). Since 1932 the budgets of the overseas territories have not only been balanced but also have sometimes shown considerable surpluses. By far the most important territories are Angola and Mozambique. Angola has a consistently favourable balance of trade: in 1953, for instance, its imports amounted to Esc.2,436 million and its exports to Esc.3,496 million, of which coffee alone accounted for Esc.1,882 million. Mozambique, on the contrary, has a trade deficit: in 1953, against Esc.2,288 million of imports its exports amounted to only Esc.1,620 million, the most important item being cotton (Esc.530 million). Mozambique's trade deficit, however, was more than covered by the earnings of its ports and railways carrying goods in transit to and from the Federation of Rhodesia.

Portugal's economic position is a considerable and beneficent achievement of a regime unique of its kind. It is the mildest and the most human dictatorship in modern history. As a young professor of economics at Coimbra university, Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar did not conceal his abhorrence of the parliamentary regime in Portugal, but he never conspired to seize power. In May 1926 the victorious armed forces offered him the portfolio of finance, which he accepted, only to resign five days later because the military wanted money but did not understand the importance of a stable currency and a balanced budget. He returned to the Ministry of Finance on April 27, 1928, on his own terms. On July 5, 1932, he became premier. He was lucky in finding in Marshal António Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, the army leader and president of the republic, a constant friend and protector. Dr. Salazar's prestige, based on his integrity and devotion to the common interest, which he has served without flattering men or wooing the masses, was such that when Carmona died in April 1951 another army chief, General Francisco Higino Craveiro Lopes, was elected president, but Salazar continued as premier. No change was made in policy or in the structure of the regime.

What will happen to Portugal after Salazar? He is only 66 but, when refusing to succeed Carmona as president, he himself explained that he no longer possessed the moral resilience nor possibly the physical stamina to undertake the duties of the supreme magistrature. His idea of succession is probably the continuance of the alliance between the army and the political movement of the *União Nacional*, with a general as head of state and the leader of the movement as premier. But who is to be the next leader? The Lisbon augurs say that the *dauphin* is Professor Marcelo Gaetano, former president of the Chamber of Corporations, who in July last was appointed head of the premier's office with the rank of minister. And is there any possibility of a monarchical restoration? The Pretender, Dom Duarte Nuno, born in 1907 at Seebenstein in Austria, the son of

Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, and of the Princess von Löwenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg, lives in Portugal in a private capacity, but there is no visible monarchist movement. When a foreign visitor recently asked Dr. Salazar whether some day the monarchy might be restored, he replied simply: "Maybe."

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

THE GOA DISPUTE

DESPITE the assurance given by Mr. Nehru that no armed force will be used to integrate the Portuguese India possessions with India, the Indian authorities did nothing to prevent the invasion into Goa on August 15 by members of the Goa Liberation Movement. The invasion, which was not on such a large scale as expected, was unsuccessful as it met with strong opposition from the Portuguese police. Nevertheless, the Goa Liberation Movement seems to be determined to gain its ends regardless of any appeal by Mr. Nehru to reach a peaceful settlement with the Portuguese Government. Unless the Indian Government take immediate steps to quell the activities of the Liberation Movement, the possibility of a hot war breaking out between India and Portugal cannot be overlooked. It is unlikely that such action will be taken as long as tension continues to exist between the two governments. This tension could be partly eased if India lifted her economic blockade on Goa and resumed diplomatic relations with Portugal.

The Portuguese India possessions consists of Goa, Damao and Diu. These provinces on the Malabar coast cover together an area of just over 1,500 square miles with a population of about 650,000, and are the last of Portuguese territory left in the sub-continent. India has asked Portugal four times since 1950 to transfer the sovereignty of these provinces to India on the ground that the Indian national liberation movement could not halt at their frontiers. She also claims that Goa is part of the Indian Republic and that the Goanese wish to be united with India rather than remain Portuguese colonialists. On the other hand, Portugal points out that the provinces are not colonies but an integral part of the Portuguese Republic, and declares that the Goanese wish to remain as they are. Therefore, the Portuguese Government has emphatically refused to transfer any part of her national territory. The population of Goa is divided into two classes. In the Old Conquests which have formed a part of Overseas Portugal for 450 years, Roman Catholics form the majority of people, who are completely Europeanised as far as Asians can be, while the Hindus are in a considerable minority. The Old Conquests consist of Panjim, the capital of Goa; old Goa, the ancient city with its churches, many of which are in ruins; the port of Mormugao with its splendid harbour; and the districts surrounding these towns. The New Conquests acquired about 150 years ago form the outer districts of Goa and on the whole are less developed and prosperous. Here the Hindus are in the majority, though Catholic Goans form a sizeable minority. Throughout Goa today there are a few more Hindus than Christians.

Direct political and cultural relationships have existed between Goa and Portugal during the 450 years of contact with the result that the

Catholic community in Goa is as Portuguese as the Portuguese themselves. In fact Goa might well be described as a "Little Europe" in Asia; for although many Goans have not a drop of European blood in their veins, they have acquired Western habits and architecture and can wear European clothes with ease. There is no colour bar and a strong bond exists between the Portuguese and Goan of a common faith. His standard of life is on the average higher than that of the Hindu or Muslim community of the Indian Union. For example, the food of the Goan consists of every form of meat and fish and a substantial element of fruit and vegetables. He enjoys imported vintage wines and a stock of champagne is often kept in the better-class homes. Besides wearing European clothes, the Goan Christians also follow the latest fashions from Paris on which a large amount of money is spent to import them. Money is spent on such things as the Western type of music and dancing, while houses are well built and well furnished.

Besides accepting the Christian moral code and the European standard of social life, the Goan has imbibed the Portuguese outlook on life as he has a happy and easy-going attitude which sometimes gives the impression that there is nothing in life to worry about. But many Goans have made good in a highly competitive field, having developed their own personality by satisfying the basic needs of life and through various accomplishments. Thus the Goan, assured of his livelihood, can spend much time on his pleasures. He is either a reader or philosopher or writes prose and verse for his own amusement. Though he does not figure greatly in international affairs, he is more widely accomplished than the Indian. However, he knows nothing of the literary heritage of India, of its music, dance and other arts. He is indifferent to them, and is more interested in the modern culture of the West; neither is he impressed with the English culture that is found in his emigrant kinsman from the Indian Union, Pakistan and East Africa. He believes that the culture of Latin Europe he has adopted is much broader. He is interested in world history, especially that of the Christian world, and cultivates his mind by studying Portuguese and quite often French. Because of this interchange of ideas between Goa and Portugal the Goan is accepted as an equal citizen in Portugal. Many Goans have gone to Portugal and achieved high positions there, while several have been sent by the mother country to foreign lands on behalf of Portugal. The fact that they have come from the East has made no difference, for a number of Goans have been Cabinet Ministers, diplomatic representatives, governors and have held other prominent positions in Portuguese public life.

This almost perfect East-West fusion was further advanced with the establishment of a Legislative Council in Goa on August 1. The new Legislative Council is composed of 23 members of whom 18 are elected and five nominated by the Governor. It has power to discuss, approve or reject Bills, whether tabled by the Governor-General or by any member of the Council. It cannot be overruled by the Governor-General or the Portuguese Government unless it passes regulations which are found to be illegal or not in accordance with the general Constitution of Portugal. Moreover, the teaching of *Concani*, the local language of the Goan Christians, is to be allowed in state schools without prejudice to the

Portuguese language. Of the 18 elected members one is elected by taxpayers paying over £60 a year in taxes; one by corporative and economic bodies; two elected by spiritual and moral organisations; one by the administrative bodies and the remaining 11 by direct suffrage.

Goa cannot maintain a high standard of living for its inhabitants without outside support, and for this reason many Goans go abroad in order to make money to send home. There are 150,000 Goans in the Indian Union; 30,000 in Pakistan; 30,000 in Kenya and Uganda; 20,000 in the Persian Gulf and smaller communities elsewhere. They are found to be dependable and honest citizens wherever they go, but they maintain a close and exclusive social life. The majority of the poorer class find work as seamen, cooks and musicians in dance bands for they love the arts of eating well and entertainment. These in the professions often do well and achieve high positions in public life. Several of them are permanently resident abroad, but they maintain contacts with Goa, while others return home when their work is completed. The money which they send home is an important factor in Goa's economy. So is the port of Mormugao, which serves the Indian hinterland more than it does Goa, and has lately been handling increasing exports of iron and manganese ores which are mined locally.

Before the economic blockade India was Goa's largest customer and its biggest source of supply, taking 40 per cent of her exports and supplying 20 per cent of her imports: Portugal takes only 0.5 per cent of her exports and sends her 10 per cent of her imports. Economically Goa is no longer of value to Portugal but is a liability to the national economy. Though the Portuguese revenue is about £10,000 annually from her Indian possessions they cost her about £87,000 each year, in addition to several thousands more for shipping and other subsidies. Moreover, most of the businesses are in the hands of native Goans and Indians, while a fair amount of the profits derived from the export of iron and manganese ore goes to an Indian who owns the mines. On the other hand, banking, in the Portuguese Banco Nacional Ultramarino, has shown little profit. Despite this, Portugal is to spend about £2 million on Goa under the new development programme to improve urban conditions, transport and the harbour of Mormugao. The province has every possibility of developing greatly in the near future through the exploitation of its mineral wealth and an increase in tourism.

There is no evidence in Goa of a desire to integrate with India. On the whole, the people are happy and free from want largely because of the organisation of village communities which reach out, through the system of clubs, to include Goan emigrants and sailors in ships. They enjoy their freedom and do not envy their opposite members in the Indian Union. But Indian opinion resents the presence of a European Power on Indian soil, partly because of the possible value of Goa to the North Atlantic Treaty Powers, and for fear that Portugal would lend the territory to an organisation such as S.E.A.T.O. for the enforcement of Far Eastern policies which India does not endorse. Goa could provide a stronghold for Western military organisations in Asia if India were overrun by a potential enemy. The integration of Goa with India would make it easier for India to sever her connection with the West if she so desired.

The setting up of the Liberation Movement by India in Goa in 1946 was to achieve this aim. But despite pressure from outside, it seems to have made very little progress in Goa.

The merger of Goa into the Indian Union is supported from a number of quarters in India, and each Indian political party seems to have its subsidiary party working for the eviction of the Portuguese. There is no doubt that the actions of the Goa Liberation Movement are an embarrassment to Mr. Nehru who has expressed his desire to settle the problem by peaceful means. The volunteer liberation forces consists largely of hooligans and former members of the Indian National Army. However, the middle-class Goans long settled in India also support the merger of Goa. They undoubtedly feel that land values in Goa will rise and the natural resources of the territory will be more easily developed under Indian administration. They are naturally critical of the Goan administration because of its low rate of taxation compared with the high taxation prevalent in India. They also feel that their own position will be stronger if Goa is united with India, with the feeling that Asia should be run by Asiatics growing stronger. Yet many Goans in India do not desire a merger, and the Portuguese cause is supported by a Goan weekly published in Bombay. Goans in Pakistan also support Portugal on the ground that merger with India would make Goa difficult of access from Pakistan. It is not likely that Goans in other parts of the world would wish for a change in the status of their homeland. Therefore it is important that the Indian Government restrains non-Goans from taking part in the activities of the Goa Liberation Movement, but recent events have shown that the Movement is gaining ground among the Indian nationalists which is already creating a political problem for Mr. Nehru.

What the Goans fear most is perhaps the talk of religious intolerance in India as there appears to be a feeling of uneasiness among the Indian Christians, who, like the Indian Muslims, are still suspicious of the people among whom they live and work. It must be remembered that Pakistan was created because of the distrust on the part of the Muslims, and even in India today the minority communities do not wholly trust the majority. Thousands of Christians in India have emigrated, many of whom have gone to Goa. Until there is a state of complete communal harmony within India it is impossible to expect Goa to be successfully integrated with the Indian Union. If Mr. Nehru is genuine in his desire to solve the problem in a peaceful way, he will allow the Goans to decide their own future in a democratic and peaceful method and accept the result as final whatever it may be.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

ACRE OLD AND NEW

IN the Middle Ages, particularly in the period of the Crusades, Acre—known also as St. Jean d'Acre—on the coast of Palestine was one of the principal commercial ports of the world. It was the main base of the Crusaders, the landing place of their ships that brought reinforcements and supplies from Europe, and the mart for the precious merchandise of the East which those ships took back to Europe. Today Acre has lost pride of place in maritime trade to Haifa, her young neighbour. For

Haifa boasts the one modern harbour of the Palestine coast, built by the British mandatory government, and always full of ships since the establishment of the State of Israel. In Haifa, too, are the oil refineries of the Anglo-Iraq Petroleum Company. That was a big enterprise in the period of the Mandate: but the supply of oil from the wells in Iraq has been utterly cut off since 1948, and only small quantities for refining are brought by tanker from America. The major industries of Israel, cement, assembly of motor vehicles, the manufacture of super-phosphates, of glass and of textiles, are placed in Haifa Bay, which has been marked in the regional plan of the country for industrial development. Acre then has become strategically and commercially a backwater; and its natural harbour, formed by a rocky promontory, and famous in antiquity and the Middle Ages, is now occupied only by a few fishing vessels. It is the most picturesque of the towns of the Crusader Coast; and like other towns of Israel it is double: an old citadel and modern suburb. The old city, built on the ruins of the Crusaders' St. Jean d'Acre, is girdled by a double line of walls which are separated by a deep fosse. The fortifications resisted all the attacks of Napoleon in 1798. Acre was for the French Consul "the key of the East," and there, he declared, he met his destiny, frustrated by a small Turkish garrison and a few English sailors in his bid for Oriental empire. He had to turn back to Europe, abandoning his army.

The old walled city of Acre is inhabited today by a few thousand Arabs and a few thousand Jews, mostly immigrants from the East and North Africa. The new city outside the walls is filled with some ten thousand inhabitants, all of them Jews, and most of them fresh migrants; and it is being rapidly extended. The bazaar in the old town is occupied by Arabs selling their grain, their fruit, their oil, their brooms and their tinnery. The barbers ply their trade in full view of the public. The gramophones play incessantly the popular Arab songs. Outside the "suk" you have the modern shops, some Arab and some Jewish. The principal landmark at Acre for generations has been a green mosque set on the brow of the mound. The green of the copper dome has now disappeared, and in its place is a shining whitewash. The copper roof leaked; and the new composition which covers it, if less aesthetic, is more weatherproof. There are other changes of utility. The fortress, which in the Turkish and the English rule was a prison, and keeps its massive walls, is now a mental hospital. The Turkish bath, Hammam, is now converted into a museum of archaeology and folklore, Jewish and Arab. It contains some remarkable relics of Antiquity which have been recovered by recent excavations on the Phoenician coast; and it contains also pictures and maps illustrating Napoleon's unsuccessful siege. The ancient Khan, where formerly the camel caravans came and lodged, some bringing the produce from the surrounding countryside, others plodding their way to and from Syria and Egypt, along the oldest main road of the world, which skirts the Mediterranean Sea, is now a place of temporary shelter for the migrants on their arrival.

One of the old high mansions by the sea, which looks as if it had been a depository of smugglers, is marked as a Holy place. It is venerated by that Moslem reforming sect, the Bahais, originally coming from Persia

in the 19th century, but now spread over the world, particularly in America. Here, in the days of the Ottoman rule, the founder of their universal faith lived after he was released from the prison of Acre to which he was consigned by the Sultan fearful of revolution. Next to the Holy place, in another high Arab mansion, is a centre of the American Quakers, which is also a place of coming and going. Since the establishment of the State of Israel the Quakers have had here a group working to foster better understanding between different creeds and nations, between Arabs and Jews. The activities of the Friends' Community Centre include a nursery school for infants, a health programme for Jews and Arabs, classes and clubs for girls and boys, entertainments for adults, and a circulating library of books, Arabic and English. Another activity of the group is to train the Arabs of a big village near Acre to use modern agricultural machinery and modern farming methods. An English Jewess was for the first two years a member of the group: to-day one of the team is a Negro university graduate. A third activity is the organisation of international voluntary work camps in Israel. During the summer months Arabs and Jews of the country, and also young men and women coming from other countries, do manual work together. One year they built houses in a Jewish village, another year they helped rebuild an Arab ruined village. Acre is again, as it has been for three thousand years, a place where peoples and civilisations meet, a link between East and West. It is an appropriate field for the effort of that religious body of Friends, which does good quietly, and seeks to build peace through small groups of men and women of goodwill working, living and learning together.

Along the twenty miles of coast northwards, between Acre and Israel's frontier with the Lebanon, at the Ladder of Tyre, stretch a line of modern Jewish villages, each marked by a lofty water-tower and by its rows of red-tiled houses, and its higher tenements for housing the new migration. The biggest of them, Naharia, which was founded twenty years ago by a group of intellectual refugees from Germany and Austria, and was laid out with thorough German order as a village of small-holders, is being turned into a town of 20,000. It is the regional centre for the coastal section of Northern Galilee. From it the roads lead away to the fertile area of the hills of Northern Galilee; and Naharia is the principal market place. Right on the shore the archaeologists in the last years have found the ruins of a Canaanite settlement. The principal building that has been unearthed was a temple of Astarte with remarkable votive offerings, and with vessels 3,000 years old of Cretan and Greek origin. So always in the Land of Israel are the present and the historic past visibly linked.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

I. ENGLAND IN THE 'EIGHTIES

VICTORIAN England was a pleasant place for a middle-class family. Unlike the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with their respective religious, political and economic revolutions, the nineteenth was a period of tranquil growth. The Reform Bill of 1832

transferred political power from the landed aristocracy to the bourgeoisie, which ruled without a rival till 1914. No wonder the Victorians with few exceptions were optimists. Heirs to a great estate, they witnessed its rapid development with their own eyes, and they knew the world was watching them with envious admiration. Justly proud of their liberties and their strength, they faced the future without a tremor. With their coal and their factories, their empire and their navy, their Constitution and their Queen, they feared nothing in the world. National solidarity was assured, not only by the habit of compromise which had grown into an instinct, but by a general acceptance of institutions and ideas—peace, free enterprise and free trade, the two-party system, a large fleet and a small army. The stately edifice appeared so firmly based that its residents might almost be pardoned for cherishing the illusion of finality. A little money went a long way, for everything was cheap—food and clothing, rent and coal, labour, education and travel. Income tax was well under a shilling in the pound, death duties and supertax were unknown. Till the United States forged ahead after the Civil War and Germany after unification, England—with the far flung Empire at her back—was generally regarded as the strongest, freest and richest country in the world. Only gradually did I realise that capitalism had its victims as well as its beneficiaries, and that not all that glittered was pure gold. In the Hungry 'Forties Disraeli had spoken in the greatest of his novels of *The Two Nations*; Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, the Christian Socialists, Carlyle and Ruskin had lifted a corner of the curtain which hid an abyss of misery and stunted lives. Charity there was in plenty, but even as late as the 'eighties poverty was sometimes accepted as almost an ordinance of nature. A Welfare State and a minimum standard of life for the common man were hardly even a distant dream. Canon Scott Holland used to speak of the comfortable and the uncomfortable classes. I was one of the lucky ones. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, my old friend from Eton and Cambridge days, has entitled his reminiscences *Fate has been kind*. That is also my deepest emotion as I look back with gratitude across the decades of a happy life.

Born in London in 1873 I must begin with an explanation of my name. George Peabody, the famous American financier and philanthropist, had died four years before my arrival, but his memory was still green and his bust stood in our hall. When I grew up I learned more than the bare fact that I was called after him and that he had played a decisive part in my father's life. After starting from nothing and opening stores in various American cities he migrated to London in 1837, merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic sending their wares through his hands. Some of them secured advances on articles in his possession before they were sold, while others left large sums in his keeping after the sales, knowing that they could obtain them at need and that meanwhile they were earning good interest. Thus the merchant grew into the banker, the banker into the financier of American railways and other enterprises. Needing a young partner he revisited Boston in 1854, and was recommended Junius Morgan as the best business brain in the city. The firm now became George Peabody and Co. Ten years later the senior partner retired, nominating Junius Morgan as his successor but declining to allow

him the use of his name. The business, however, was so solidly established that the substitution of the title of J. S. Morgan & Co. made no practical difference, and the founder continued to tender advice. He received the Freedom of the City of London and declined a Knighthood. When he died in London in 1869 Queen Victoria suggested burial in Westminster Abbey where his body lay in state for thirty days. The offer was declined, but the body was sent home in a British man-of-war.

A year later occurred the most dramatic incident in the history of the firm. At the end of October, 1870, Junius Morgan was summoned to Tours, whither the French Government had fled before the German invaders, and was asked if he could raise ten millions and, if so, on what terms. "Six per cent at 80," was the reply, and the agreement was promptly concluded. A few days later it was announced that bonds, guaranteed by the French Government, were available at 85. The loan was readily taken up and at the end of the war the bonds were at par. The profit was substantial, but the increase of prestige was greater still. The house of Morgan now became the chief agent next to the old firms of Rothschild and Baring in raising foreign Government loans in the English market. The next great move was the refunding of the American Civil War debt, and the New York branch made rapid advance under the guidance of Pierpont Morgan, who inherited his father's *flair* for business and capacity for quick resolves.

My father, a Suffolk man born in 1811, entered the London firm of George Peabody as a clerk in its earliest days, rose to a junior partnership before the retirement of the founder, and remained a partner when Junius Morgan reigned in his stead. A letter of George Peabody in April, 1868, to my grandmother congratulated her on her daughter's engagement. He enclosed a cheque for £100 for "some article or articles of ornament or use"; and the beautiful diamond jewel which was always called the Peabody brooch kept alive the memory of one of the most generous of men. The Peabody Dwellings for poor families, a project suggested to him by Lord Shaftesbury, and the statue behind the Royal exchange perpetuate his name in London, while it is commemorated by educational and philanthropic institutions in the land of his birth.

My mother, the daughter of a Norfolk clergyman, was born in the year of the Queen's accession. The little village near Norwich was typical of the old order that has now almost passed away. The elder brother lived as Squire at the Hall, while the younger reared a family of ten at the Rectory. In those days there was no machinery for the higher education of women, even had the family resources been equal to the strain. In the best of his delightful books Percy Lubbock has painted an exquisite picture of country life in Norfolk, in the well-known study of the Gurneys of Earlham, limited of course in comparison with the manifold opportunities of today, but very far from stagnant or dull. The large families then in fashion meant troops of relations and a stream of visitors, and the eldest daughter at the Rectory was Chief of the Staff to the Rector's wife. Occasional visits to London brought glimpses of a wider world, and among her cherished memories were the public readings of Dickens and Kingsley's sermons in Westminster Abbey.

My mother read the novels and poems of the great Victorians as they

appeared. She preferred Thackeray to Dickens and loved George Eliot better than either; for she wrote of rural England, which was a closed book to the giants of Fleet Street and Pall Mall. She enjoyed Kingsley, Charlotte Brontë and Trollope. Among the poets Tennyson was first and the rest nowhere. The Laureate seemed like Queen Victoria, all-pervading, unique, monumental, a national institution. The primacy of *In Memoriam* in one field was as incontestable as that of *Vanity Fair* in another. The *Idylls of the King* were as popular and as easy to appreciate as Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*. Browning came later into the lives of my mother's generation, and his wife was rated slightly above her deserts. We still enjoy the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, but my mother waded through *Aurora Leigh*, a feat of which few people now alive can boast. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* would have seemed out of place in a country Rectory, but the reflective verse of Matthew Arnold found the welcome it deserved. She loved all good literature, but to the end of her life at the age of eighty-seven Tennyson and George Eliot retained a special place in her heart.

My father's books formed a typical mid-Victorian library, consisting mainly of what were regarded in the middle decades of the nineteenth century as the classics of English history and literature. Gibbon was there, of course, and Robertson's *Charles V*, and Hume's *History of England* with the continuation by Smollett, and the Letters of Horace Walpole. Alison's best-seller on the Napoleon era claimed a shelf to itself, and Macaulay's complete works were supplemented by his nephew's delightful biography. America was represented by Bancroft's complacent *History of the United States*, Prescott's entrancing narratives of the Spanish Empire in the New World, and Motley's epic on the Rise of the Dutch Republic. It was the golden age of the amateurs, preachers and prosecutors, who secured a far wider public than their more scholarly academic successors. In the field of literature the principal items were complete editions of the Waverley Novels, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Kingsley. Among miscellaneous items I recall such solid fare as *The Wealth of Nations* and the *Greville Memoirs*. My father, though not much of a reader, enjoyed political biographies and reminiscences. He was a judge of pictures, and he purchased a number of the exquisite flower-pieces by Fantin-Latour before he was discovered by a wider world. George Christie, the head of the famous firm, was an old friend and neighbour of my mother's family, and the auctions in King Street were an unflinching interest.

My father retired from business at the age of 66. Owing to the great difference in our ages he seemed to me more like a grandfather than a parent, and I was too young to inquire much about the experiences of his busy life. He had come of age in the year of the Reform Bill, travelled to London by stage coach and visited the United States soon after the Civil War. He looked back with special admiration to Peel, preferring his solid sanity to the coruscations of Gladstone or Disraeli. Living till 1889, he paid frequent visits to the Royal Institution. His children shared in the privileges of membership by admission to the Christmas lectures for juveniles. My lifelong interest in science dates from the discourses of Tyndall, the physicist, Dewar the chemist and inventor of the

thermos flask, and Robert Ball. The latter made the strongest appeal, for astronomy was easier to grasp, and the genial Ulsterman was perhaps the most popular lecturer of his time. It was a red-letter day when my father brought home a three-inch telescope, which revealed to our delighted eyes the mountains of the moon, the rings of Saturn, and the satellites of Jupiter. If I owed my introduction to science to my father, it was my mother who led me into the enchanted land of music. She was an accomplished pianist and a regular attendant at the Saturday Pops at St. James' Hall, where she preferred Mme Schumann to any other artist. I grew up to the sound of Beethoven's sonatas, and the vogue of Mendelssohn was still at its height. Beginning like other juveniles with Gilbert and Sullivan, I was led forward by loving hands to the classics and taught to play the piano.

The most inspiring of my parents' friends was Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, where my parents worshipped with Victorian regularity. I was never to hear a more eloquent preacher than the little Irishman with his mobile features and musical voice, and never to meet a man of more irresistible charm. We loved to hear him read poetry aloud and enjoyed his lectures on Dante. He was already chaplain to the Queen and Canon of Windsor, and when one Sunday morning in 1884 Gladstone was noticed in the congregation, we sensed that his hour had come. The Prime Minister sat close to my parents' pew, and I vividly remember his fine head and wonderful eyes. Shortly afterwards our beloved vicar was appointed Bishop of Ripon, and for the last thirty years of his life he was one of the ornaments of the Church. Queen Victoria could never have enough of his company, and he was chosen to preach the Jubilee sermon in 1887. He was a valued friend of the Empress Frederick and William II, whom he visited in Berlin, and who used to read his sermons to his long-suffering wife. Ripon Hall at Oxford commemorates the debt of Anglican Modernists to one of the earliest Broad Churchmen on the Episcopal Bench.

Being destined for Eton, I was sent to Hawtrey's well known preparatory school at Slough in my tenth year. Having been an Eton Master he had pitched his tents within sight of the Round Tower. The curriculum was modelled on that of Eton, which means that the classical languages and mathematics claimed most of our time. Two years later, being head of the school, I left for Eton, which I entered at an unusually early age, a few weeks before my twelfth birthday.

Eton in the eighties and nineties has been painted by many brushes, by nobody with such skill as Percy Lubbock. The foreground is occupied by the Headmaster—"our huge magnificent Warre, endowed with the majesty of Jove. He was greatness manifest and unquestioned, so vast was he, so dominant. When he came striding into a division for a visit of inspection, sweeping and rustling in his robes, it was a drama that never lost its grandeur. When he came down in wrath the earth shook, and his great voice was a trumpet, shattering the air." His sermons, adds Percy Lubbock, were ineffective and his intellectual influence nil. "He was broad and safe and massive. An air of the world was about him—or if not of the world, an air of England, a large-limbed, high-coloured Victorian England, seated in honour and plenty. His idea of

education was that it should produce solid and honourable Englishmen after the country's heart." I can confirm every trait in this portrait. There were no subtleties, no unplumbed depths, no philosophic background, no wings. Though a good classic he was not an Intellectual. His mind was static and tradition was his guide. That the curriculum needed bringing up to date never entered his head. His authority rested on his person and personality, and inspired awe in the masters scarcely less than in the boys. The Oxford historian, Fletcher, has done his best to convey what he rightly calls an indefinable greatness in the official biography, but we approach closer to the man in Sargent's opulent picture of Jupiter tonans in his robes.

During my three years at Eton I sat at the feet of several teachers who afterwards rose to fame. My first form-master was Dr. Inge, afterwards the celebrated "gloomy" Dean of St. Pauls and one of the finest intellects of our time, then a shy young man of 25, fresh from a brilliant Oxford career. No one was less fitted for the drudgery of teaching idle little boys Greek and Latin than this fastidious scholar. Next in distinction was "Monty" James, destined to win fame by his profound medieval studies and his ghost stories, to return to his old school as Provost, and to receive the Order of Merit. A third was Arthur Benson, son and biographer of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a perfect specimen of the Nordic type. He was the ideal form-master and later one of the most popular of house-masters; but after a quarter of a century he fled to Cambridge where he poured out a stream of popular essays 'from a College Window.' A fourth Eton celebrity, Bouchier, a gifted Irishman, left in 1888 to become the influential *Times* Correspondent in the Balkans who, as the unwavering champion of Bulgaria, helped to make history in the early twentieth century and of whom I was to see more during my years in Parliament. A fifth was Edward Lyttelton, the handsomest member of a distinguished family and himself a future Headmaster of the school. Of these and other teachers we may read in Eric Parker's *Eton in the Eighties*.

No school in England could boast such a distinguished staff, but its energies were largely sterilised by the dead hand of the past. Lovers of classics and mathematics were happy enough, but boys like myself who craved a more varied diet were almost starved. A small concession was made in a course of elementary science; but though the chemical experiments were a welcome diversion, the teaching was of an amateur kind, for the teacher was himself an amateur. French was imparted by a little Frenchman named Hua, whom we meet in Harold Nicolson's life of King George V, and whose unmerited sufferings at the hands of his unruly class fill me with sympathy after the lapse of seventy years. The form-master, himself a classic, was expected to take history in his stride, which meant that he sometimes contented himself with reading out of a textbook. Literature was not taught at all. We never saw a newspaper, and information about current affairs we were left to pick up in the holidays if we wished. Eton was a dignified relic of the Middle Ages, a little island, screened from the tides by a stout breakwater of tradition. So long as it continued to turn out Prime Ministers and Viceroys, Field-Marshal and Archbishops, no change appeared to its Headmaster and Governors to be

needed and reform had to wait for the twentieth century.

Delicate, studious and caring nothing for games, I never fitted into the system. There was a good deal of bullying, swearing was almost universal, and there were pockets of immorality. Daily chapel and Sunday sermons made little impression on the life and thought of a thousand care-free lads. The idea of confiding in my house-master, an irritable bachelor, never entered my head. Among my Eton acquaintances who rose to be Cabinet Ministers I may mention Lord Crawford, the handsomest boy in the school, Lord Beauchamp, and Lord Pethick-Lawrence. I left Eton without regret in the summer of 1888 in my fifteenth year. I had recently lost a good deal of time through chronic headache, and since little was done at school in those far off days for the care of the body my parents decided, to my entire satisfaction, that I should fare better at home.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

MASS EXPULSIONS

TWO world wars have been waged in order to lay the foundations of a peaceful world and a Reign of Law between nations. Great efforts were made to form a parliament of mankind and to develop an international spirit. Yet it can hardly be denied that the reign of force and injustice has become much worse than it was before the outbreak of the first world war. In many minds, of course, this awareness is obscured by the facts that democracy and social welfare have greatly advanced or by the slogans of "appeasement." The Freedom of the Press, moreover, has been greatly restricted—in the totalitarian states by the government, and in many others by the fact that the Press reflects, and depends upon, public opinion. But in the atmosphere of the national state, where often government actions which a few only brought about are identified with the doings of the nation, there is little, if any, opportunity of a sustained and vigorous criticism of tragic faults committed in the name of the nation. Nobody likes to hear of great aberrations of members of his family or of his social or national group, even if he himself had nothing to do with it.

One of the most powerful trends in the spirit of the age is further Opportunism at the expense of a policy based on principle and the moral conscience. It usually begins with asserting a principle, which then is often whittled away and perverted into its opposite under the influence of motives formerly known as Reason of State. There is an old proverb: if one gives the devil the little finger he will soon have clutched the hand. In all ages when slavery had disappeared it was an unwritten charter that everyone had a right to his home country, to its language and traditions, but that in certain respects every man should be able to find a home in every country. International law called the latter principle that of "World Hospitality." With the growth of nationalism, racialism and a petty social egoism the rights of the foreigner were ever more restricted. To our time, for example, it would appear incredible that not so long ago

individuals living in a foreign country, or trading with it, did not automatically become enemies when war broke out between the countries of their origin and residence. In 1870 France expelled the Germans living in her territory, while Germany left the French on her soil unmolested. The French action at that time aroused sensation, and a great authority, Rolin-Jacquemyns, wrote in the *Revue de droit international* that "it has been condemned by the whole world."

The rise of organised Labour to power was the main factor in closing the door to foreigners seeking a new home and wanting to earn their living by honest work. When Hitler began his barbarous persecution, countless Jews could have been saved but for the high barriers erected in almost all states. I remember men of the highest personal worth, of whom every country could have been proud, who were refused asylum because in spite of all guarantees the possibility seemed not quite excluded that they might earn a little for their sustenance. The odious Colour Bar to immigrants too did not exist before White Labour introduced it. Yet at least one right seemed absolutely safe, that of a person to his home country where his ancestors had created the conditions of civilised life. Even the most ruthless tyrant would not have dreamed of expelling the whole population of a country. In former times it was also generally assumed that several nations could live side by side in the same country, and there were many cases of peaceable and friendly relations between different peoples doing so. Old Austria, in particular, offered many examples. The broad masses were little infected by an aggressive nationalism. It was mainly the semi-intellectuals who formed only small minorities but poisoned public life by their demagogy.

In the first World War the Western Allies proclaimed that the new order would be built on the principle of Self-Determination. It would have been a great blessing for the whole world if this intention had honestly been carried out. Unfortunately, however, the victors employed different measures in dealing with the former enemies and with their protégés. In many important cases they applied that interpretation of the general rule which fitted the interest of their political favourites, but when in a similar case the other side claimed the application of the same rule the victors denied it. The Peace Treaties therefore largely became a travesty of the idea of Self-Determination. Many sincere believers in this principle, however, never realised this because they were blinded by the very clever propaganda made by those interested in this state of things. But in wide circles of the nations concerned the perversion of the principle of self-determination had disastrous consequences fostering cynicism and moral nihilism. The economic consequences worked in the same way. The Balkanisation of Central Europe prepared the ground for the brutalisation of the public mind and for Hitlerism.

The second World War marked a further stage in the decline of international morality. The brown, black and red dictators naturally had no inhibitions and their cruelty knew no boundaries. The intentions of the democratic nations were laid down in the Atlantic Charter of August 14th 1941 which was also endorsed by the Soviet Union. It declared that the Allies sought no aggrandizement, that no territorial changes should take place not in accordance with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples

concerned, that all peoples should be free to choose their form of government, and so on. These principles were reaffirmed in Churchill's instructions of October 11th, 1943 for the Moscow Conference. Nevertheless soon war aims emerged which were in glaring contradiction to the Charter. Roosevelt's idea of dividing Germany into seven parts, the Morgenthau plan and similar schemes were absolutely incompatible with the Atlantic Charter. The most momentous questions, however, were those of Poland's frontiers and her internal regime. The Soviet Union demanded large territories in East Poland and proposed to indemnify her at Germany's expense and to drive out the Germans from their home countries. Moreover, Poland was to receive a government which promised to make her a Russian satellite. When the Allies made concessions to the Soviet standpoint Stalin greatly enlarged them by substituting the Western Neisse for the Eastern one. In his latest book Sir Winston Churchill recorded his strenuous opposition to this policy and even states that he was determined to have a show-down and, if necessary, a public break rather than to allow anything beyond the Oder and the Eastern Neisse to be ceded to Poland. But this resolution was made ineffective by the election which caused his fall from power.

It is well known that many prominent Polish leaders saw through Stalin's game and realised its dangers for Poland's freedom. They clung to their historic claim to the Eastern parts of Poland. Even if this claim could not fully be brought into agreement with the Atlantic Charter, it should at least have been submitted to a plebiscite which would have accorded a substantial part to Poland. Moreover, it would have been absolutely just that Germany should rebuild the devastated parts of Poland and contribute further great amounts to developing her resources. But the downright annexation of German territories and the driving out of the whole population was a monstrosity on the moral level of Hitlerism. The Soviets also hoped that the millions of expellees in their misery and despair would bring about a Communist revolution in Germany.

The driving out of millions from Germany's Eastern territories had a counterpart in the expulsion of the Germans and Magyars from the Bohemian countries. Here too Russia played a part in instigating this crime, but it was also a product of Czech nationalism which had gained complete control of Dr. Benes, Dr. Ripka and their followers. The argument of compensation put forward for the Oder-Neisse line was not applicable in this case. Instead the Sudeten Germans were described as outright Nazis, rebels and enemies of democracy. The untruthfulness of these arguments has been shown in a book called "Munich, Before and After" (1939). Its author was Dr. Ripka who later became one of the most fanatical agitators for the mass expulsion. In the *Contemporary Review* of 1945, I gave extracts from this book and discussed the question in detail. The materials put forward in the book irrefutably show that the Sudeten Germans did not commit a "rebellion" but merely accepted a situation brought about by the Western powers in their attempt to appease Hitler. But even if they had been rebels, would this have been a lawful ground for their expulsion? If, for instance, Ulster had been put under Irish rule and had rebelled, would this have justified the driving out of the Ulster people? The Sudeten Germans settled in Bohemia four

hundred years earlier than the Ulstermen in Ireland, and they did not take the land by force, but converted primeval forests and swamps into one of the most advanced parts of Europe. The economic and cultural development of the Czechs was largely owing to their influence.

The expulsion of the Sudeten Germans had also a political background. Dr. Benes wanted the closest association with Moscow, and to this end he had first to eliminate the parties strongly opposed to this plan. This led to the expulsion of 3½ millions of Germans and of 700,000 Magyars, and to the prohibition of the Agrarian party, which was the strongest Czech party and represented the peasants, the National Democrats, and the Traders' Party. None of these Czech parties could take part in the elections. The result of this policy was the development which led to the seizing of power by the Communists.

The number of German refugees from the East who settled in Germany, Austria, Western Europe etc., was estimated in 1950 at 11.7 million. This figure does not include the large numbers who fled from the Soviet Zone of Germany into the Western part. Further it does not take account of millions who perished on the flight. Large numbers were killed by fanatics, others were captured by the Soviets and sent to concentration camps and employed as forced labourers. The total number of the expellees has been estimated at from 16 to 18 millions.

The Western democratic governments certainly did not know what they were doing when they consented to the mass expulsions under the clause that they should be carried out in a humane way. Churchill has in his last great work expressed his horror and condemnation of the doings of the Soviets and their satellites in many places and in the strongest words. But it will probably always remain a riddle to the historian how it was possible that the Soviet Union could impose its will upon two world powers like America and Britain and virtually annex a large part of the Continent. If Munich cost the freedom of one nation, Yalta and Potsdam condemned more than a dozen nations to servitude in Europe alone. Certain factors which contributed to this development have become known, but they alone do not explain the utter lack of foresight which has no parallel in the history of diplomacy. The usual argument that the Allies were afraid of Stalin making a separate peace with Hitler if they should not submit is very doubtful, and it seems quite improbable that this would have been possible.

FREDERICK HERTZ.

THREE PLAYS BY CHARLES MORGAN

MR. CHARLES MORGAN'S three plays reveal his own deepening consciousness of a conflict of good and evil reflected within the changing pattern of contemporary events. His first play, *The Flashing Stream*, written in 1938, under the shadow of impending conflict, revealed a seriousness of purpose and an awareness of the trend of international events absent from his previous work: but his search was still,

explicitly, for individual integrity, as in *Sparkenbroke* or *The Voyage*. By the time of *The River Line*, he passes on to an enquiry in social integrity, while in *The Burning Glass*, he extends his quest to probe into the springs of human responsibility in an atomic and de-personalised age, involving vast cosmic repercussions. Fundamentally, however, the question remains, implicitly, an individual one: *who is the just man?* whether the consequences of his actions prove private or universal. The answer, in the phrase recurrent in his earlier work, is he who has achieved "singleness of mind," or, in the language of *The River Line*, who is "quiet and included." The modern threat to integration of personality comes from a number of sources, and their different origin, as conceived by Mr. Morgan, reflects his changing consciousness of the moral problem underlying outward events. Singleness of mind may be assailed on three planes; by sexual and social distractions, as in *The Flashing Stream*, by the violence of wartime conditions, in *The River Line*, or by the enticements of dæmonic powers, in *The Burning Glass*. In each case, the development of the subsequent play is anticipated in its predecessor. As *The Flashing Stream* concerns experiments seeking to meet the threat to civilisation in a future war, so *The River Line*, which depicts that threat realised, foresees the growing abnormality of man's lust for power, leading to the totalitarian craving for control over both nature and the minds of other men, and involving a principle of evil which can be described only as "devilish," the theme of *The Burning Glass*.

Basically, Mr. Morgan's philosophy derives from Plato. Man's relationships are threefold. Himself a protagonist on a human or rational plane, he may commune with a supernatural world, the domain of God and Ideas, or plunge again into the abysmal mire of an infernal region. Man's integrity of mind has to be maintained in relation to these three spheres, and it is the shifting emphasis upon their proportionate significance which reveals a revolution in Mr. Morgan's values. In *The Flashing Stream*, the problem is essentially a *human* one, the relation of men and women, and the drama is enacted mainly on the *human* plane. To the Brissings, Sandfords and Lady Helstone of life, this may mean either the satisfaction of animal appetite or an intricate game of coquetterie, to be played according to certain well-established rules. Both offer a distraction to the single-mindedness of the man of genius, although the second is the more dangerous, hence Ferrars' summary dismissal of Lady Helstone's attempt to invade the privacy of the Control Room. But there is a third aspect, represented by Karen, the most devastating of all, because it is a spontaneous attraction of personalities which threatens to destroy completely the peculiar singleness of mind Ferrars is seeking through his mathematics, "impersonal passion." Against such temptation, some have fought by embracing a strict celibacy, but Ferrars has to learn the less spectacular virtue of "acceptance" which, being in itself neither promiscuous nor ascetic, can abstain or seek fulfilment according to the needs of the occasion. Men in general have seen the sexual relationship as either evil or of no consequence. To Morgan it is neither in itself, but fraught with tremendous consequences for good or evil, although never to be regarded as an end in itself.

This power of acceptance or non-attachment is one of the triple qualities of singleness of mind which also includes *absolute* devotion and the power to concentrate—both in direct opposition to the divisions and entanglements of ordinary daily life. Such intuitive wisdom may come more easily to the humble than to the learned or powerful, as the latter are apt to be impatient at the slowness of the realisation of their projects. If Ferrars almost falters, it is through pride of intellect when he refuses to re-consider his calculation. Then the deeper insight of woman's love saves him from himself, even though it has outwardly to compromise with his critics.

"Many," wrote Charles Morgan in his *Essay on Singleness of Mind*, "are persuaded by despair that against the violence of the modern world there is no remedy but to escape or to destroy: but there is another within the reach of all—of a woman at her cradle, of a man of science at his instruments, of a seaman at his wheel, or a ploughman at his furrow, of young and old when they love and when they worship—the remedy of a single mind, active, passionate and steadfast, which has upheld the spirit of man through many tyrannies and shall uphold it still. The singleness of mind, called by Jesus, purity of heart, the genius of love, of science and of faith, resembles in the confused landscape of experience a flashing stream, "fierce and unswerving as the zeal of saints," to which the few who see it commit themselves absolutely."

The River Line is specifically a study of the "violence of the modern world," concentrated in a single situation. Amid the stresses of life in the Underground Movement one man alone remains unperturbed in spirit, "Heron," a loyal British officer, mistaken for 'le faux Anglais,' the *sham* Englishman. Here potential tragedy resides, not in the impact of personalities, but in outward circumstances. Within the confined world of "the Box," the characters live in comparative harmony, the result of the temporary suspension of all personal ambition and desire, and their complete submission to the routine imposed upon them by the discipline of the River Line. Only when the characters are on the point of re-entering the outside world does the sudden need for decision, involving violent action, break in upon the fellowship. Its consequences in the lives of the protagonists force them to ask certain questions which, though in themselves as old as conscience, have to be re-stated in the contemporary mind in terms of what each sees as he or she looks at Heron.

The theme of the play in the author's words, "to be considered in the light of each of its characters, all converging upon Heron and reflected back by him, was the predicament of us all who, being men and women of peaceful mind nurtured in a rule of law derived from Ancient Rome and tempered by the Christian emphasis upon each man's unalienable worth and responsibility as the child of God find ourselves in a world where great hordes have neglected, or have never learned, the traditions of Rome and of Christ, of Athens or the Renaissance and are determined to wipe away even the memory of them from the earth."

This is the problem previously outlined in *The Flashing Stream* but here intensified by the tensions of war. In Heron, the three conditions of singleness of mind, acceptance, absolutism and concentration are fully realised, so that "without withdrawal from the world or renouncement of

its normal duties and affections, he had reached a condition of interior equilibrium." This fulfilment relates Heron to a realm of spiritual values which resembles the Platonic idea of the existence of the Ideal, the external co-relatives of our human achievements which persist when their transient physical reflections disappear, so that Heron, destroying his sonnet, is able to talk, unperturbed, of "loss without losing." "It makes no difference what you keep. The thing was there before you had it, and is still there when it seems to have gone." Heron, in short, has learned "to value nothing by its effects."

This he has in common with the central figure of the third play, Christopher Terriford in *The Burning Glass*. To the scientists of the early part of the century, including Terriford's father, every scientific development had been necessarily beneficent and had therefore to be imparted to society. That Christopher Terriford, reared in this tradition, should hesitate to reveal his discovery of the Burning Glass suggests a difference, not only in the degree, but in the quality of his new knowledge. Such intuitive hesitation he was inclined at first to dismiss as superstition, only later attaining, through conversation with his wife, to a "firm and reasoned assurance of evil inherent in the Burning Glass." Here, as in *The Flashing Stream*, true insight comes from the woman. Mary immediately sees Christopher's fumbling description of his sudden apprehension of the principle of the Burning Glass—reached, not by a series of carefully calculated deductions, but by "a jump"—to be essentially a religious experience. She speaks of it as a "conversion," but to Christopher it savours of chaos and corruption. Hitherto man, in his struggle with Nature, has accepted her ultimate supremacy, but with the discovery of atomic energy comes an incursion into a new category of power, threatening the souls as well as the bodies of men, because it appears to deify man and obliterate the idea of the limitation of his temporal powers which has been fundamental to all religion, thus tempting him to blasphemy. To bestow upon mankind the beneficent uses of the Burning Glass would be to foster abnormal cravings for a disproportionate power, in body and mind alike. In the event of war, however, Terriford would feel justified in employing his all-powerful weapon against Totalitarianism which is the logical conclusion of the disproportion and blasphemy of scientific materialism. For, as Mr. Morgan has already pointed out in the Preface to *The River Line* and in his essay on "Mind Control" in *Liberties of the Mind*, Totalitarianism would enlist, in addition to propaganda, the more diabolic instruments science has laid to its hand in order to further its claim "that all men are by nature slaves, with no being but in Caesar, in the State, in the soulless anonymity of the mass."

In this modern situation, Mr. Morgan recognises the subversion of the natural order, a very definite principle of evil, working the more subtly because of men's reluctance to acknowledge any longer a personal Devil. This corrupting influence in modern scientific materialism is represented by the rootless man—in *The Burning Glass* by Gerry, using as his instrument Terriford's dissolute partner, Tony, just as it is, in *The Judge's Story*, by the cynical materialist, Severidge. Evil is, however, powerless against essential goodness represented in both stories, as also

in *The Flashing Stream*, by women characters, their intuitive wisdom heightened by love, so that they instinctively render unto Caesar and unto God their appropriate dues, thus maintaining one of the essential distinctions at the heart of civilization which modern violence is doing its best to expunge.

In both *The Flashing Stream* and *The Burning Glass*, the central action of the play depends on a decision to be made by the chief characters. This Ferrars and Terriford approach through their intelligence, but their resolution is confirmed and their hesitation overpowered by woman's instinctive judgment. In *The River Line*, where in the central figure of Heron everything is to be suffered, nothing done, the situation is entirely different. The other characters have to make a decision *about* Heron, but by the time the play opens, this has long been settled, and we are left with the repercussions of that decision on the lives of those involved in it, as seen in the First and Third Acts. In the Second Act, which reconstructs the circumstances leading up to their decision, Heron himself is entirely passive, and as a character, he remains shadowy, even negative. He is a catalytic agent, affecting others, rather than a clearly defined character in his own right. There is no conflict in his mind to make him real as a vehicle for those contending passions which are the common inheritance of man. He is the *just man* exposed to misunderstanding and suspicion, yet happy and fulfilled in the very face of evil let loose against him, the exact prototype of Plato's just man in *The Republic*. But such a figure is of philosophic rather than dramatic interest. That is why *The River Line* succeeds as a novel, where as a play its grip is wont to slacken when it should be most tense. That Mr. Morgan himself should have had so much difficulty in casting it into dramatic form, and that only after clearing his mind by his treatment of the subject in a novel, suggests that he was dealing with a subject not to be easily adapted in a play. The conflict of good and evil, conversion or corruption, has dramatic value only while men are subject to temptation. Heron is proof against such weakness. His is perfect goodness, unsuspecting and unperturbed. Evil can do nothing against him, and drama little with him, except present him as a stumbling block to lesser men who fall against that goodness, to their own discomfort, which can be studied more convincingly by the more detailed and slowly developing technique of the novel than in the bold, salient strokes demanded by the stage. But though as a stage portrayal Heron fails, to the armchair audience he remains Mr. Morgan's most complete answer to the age-old question: who is the just man? In Plato's own words:

"the just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others—he sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law, and at peace with himself; and when he has bound together the three principles within him . . . and is no longer many, but has become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he proceeds to act . . ."

In other words, he who is "quiet and included," who has attained to "singleness of mind."

JOAN N. HARDING.

CHANGE IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE

THE 1951 census of India—the first to be made after Partition—showed that 79 per cent of the population live in villages containing fewer than five thousand people, and that there are well over half a million villages all told. It is the people who live in these villages who will largely determine India's rate of progress towards her goals. Their enthusiasm or lack of it; their adaptability or lack of it; their willingness or unwillingness to learn new ways and accept new ideas—these are the vital requisites of progress or the obstacles to it. It is to the villages that we must primarily look for answers when we ask ourselves questions about the future of India.

When I arrived in Bombay last year, I was shown round the city by an Indian friend—a young University graduate representing one of the more hopeful aspects of India today. We climbed up Malabar Hill and looked down over the wide sweep of Marine Drive with its expensive hotels and apartments overlooking the waters of the Arabian Sea. He pointed out the vultures circling over the Towers of Silence where the small, immensely wealthy Parsee community expose their dead, and the palatial residences we passed as we walked up the hill. But he was not proud of these superficial splendours which were so unrepresentative of his country and so irrelevant to its needs. He himself worked in a village, though most of his family were city-dwellers belonging to the caste of prosperous iron-mongers. He was by no means a typical graduate; he had no desire for riches and did not hanker after the attractions offered by city life. Instead, he was helping in the Government programme of Community Projects which are going on in some 73,000 of India's 558,089 villages. The Government of India's Five Year Plan which began in April 1951 has been implemented in many ways, and covers the whole gamut of Indian life from factory building and vast irrigation and hydro-electric projects to the health of village people and the improvement of their crops. It is concerned with increased production, the best utilisation of resources, and improved living conditions. Those parts of the Plan concerned with village life are the Community Development Projects, which were started in the summer of 1952, and the National Extension Service, which is an organisation of trained "village level workers" whose job it is to help in the villages by showing farmers better ways of tilling the soil and the simple health precautions that can do much to prevent disease.

Trained people are in short supply in India, and there are not nearly enough of these village level workers to go round. Thus three quarters of India's villages still receive little benefit from the National Extension Service. Those villages which are in the special development areas are much more fortunate, for it is here that the limited Government resources of money and personnel have been concentrated. Trained workers are more numerous, and money is available for schools and dispensaries, improving roads, digging wells and keeping in good repair the "tanks" or ponds which are so often the main village water supply. In these areas the visitor is made aware of the changes that are taking place where the opportunities are favourable. The enthusiastic see mirrored in the community development areas the India of the day after tomorrow.

I visited two of these development areas—one in the impoverished province of Orissa; the other in the more fertile countryside of Madhya Pradesh. The project in Orissa was within a short jeep ride of the huge, uncompleted Hirakud Dam which spans the Mahanadi River and symbolises the promise of a richer and more productive future which the great dams of India hold out to the next generation. Certainly there was need for controlled irrigation in this parched Oriyan countryside where the long-horned cattle had sharp protruding ribs, and acres of eroded land stretched towards the horizon. The villages I visited were among the poorest I had seen in India; but because this was a development area things were happening. Small trees were being planted in a sandy waste; wells were being dug and covered to provide safer drinking water; the inferior breeds of chickens were gradually being replaced by superior leghorns. One small house which the village had made available to a village level worker and his wife provided a model of what a village home could be like. It was unusually clean. One room—its walls adorned with colourful health posters warning people of the menace of flies and mosquitoes and dirty drinking water—had been turned into a small dispensary where the young Hindu wife, who had received elementary training in hygiene and midwifery, dealt as competently as she could with the village health problems. Behind the house was a model vegetable garden which some of the villagers were copying.

The pattern of events in this long-neglected Oriyan backwater is repeated—often far more elaborately and impressively—in thousands of Indian villages which have come within the areas scheduled for development projects. There is almost nothing in rural life which is unaffected. In the richer agricultural lands of Madhya Pradesh an occasional tractor was to be seen alongside bullock ploughs, and some farmers were being persuaded to raise barriers of earth across the slope of their fields in an attempt to check erosion. Improvements within the village might take such forms as better ways of tiling roofs, chimneys to carry fumes away from the kitchens where Indian women spend so much of their lives, and a community centre where village meetings can be held under cover and educational films shown from time to time.

Not all the trained village level workers I saw were devoted to their jobs; for they include some “babu-minded” men who, because they can read and write, feel too superior to work with the villagers and regard themselves as “expert consultants” whose job is to give orders. But most are anxious to learn and to do the best they can for the villages they serve. They urge the Government representatives to supply them with more seed or milk powder for the children; they plead for a trained midwife; they ask for loans to help the farmers over the pre-harvest period—loans through the rural credit schemes which will make it unnecessary for farmers to pay the crippling interest demanded by the moneylenders. It is good to see their enthusiasm and their hopes for the future, for it is easy to lose heart at times. So many seemingly intractable problems remain.

There is the corruption of dishonest Government officials who use village schemes to line their own pockets. There is the flagging of enthusiasm in workers who feel overwhelmed by the problems of poor

overworked land and poor overworked people who are unable to think of the future and are unwilling to be shown new ways of doing things. This apathetic response of village people to new opportunities often has a physical cause. It has been estimated, for example, that nearly one out of every three Indians has malaria, and that a million people die of the disease every year. Malaria like dysentery is a weakening disease, and frequently one finds that because of it farmers are not strong enough to till all their land. Even in areas where malaria has been largely conquered by intensive spraying and where the people enjoy better than average health, there still remains the inevitable resistance to new ideas. People do not think ahead; therefore why bother to plant trees? Why bother to change the method of ploughing which was good enough for your father, just because some foreigner has an idea that to do so may help check erosion? People must be shown almost immediate results if active co-operation is to be elicited from them. A few years ago DDT was unknown. Today most villagers recognise the value of this white powder as a destroyer of disease-carrying insects. In Bengal villages a team I was working with found no difficulty in persuading people to have their houses sprayed; it was far harder to persuade them to build up a path, which was invariably flooded in the monsoon, so that they could more easily get their goods to market.

The villages too are the strongholds of caste factions. In the cities life is now so complex that caste barriers have wilfully broken down; but in the rural areas where everyone knows everyone else, caste distinctions are still very much regarded. Government laws making caste segregation illegal merely point the way to the casteless society of the distant future; they do not uproot the prejudices about caste from the stubborn minds of simple village folk who have inherited their fathers' picture of society. Thus I visited villages where there were two wells—one for caste Hindus; the other for outcastes—and where pregnant women were suspicious of high caste, trained midwives. Was it not well known that the act of birth was so unclean that only an outcaste woman with filthy rags and hands should act as midwife?

The hope of the villages lies in the young people growing up in these development areas—young people not weighted down by the tradition-encrusted ways of their fathers and grandfathers. With diseases being controlled, they grow up healthier; they attend school; their minds are sufficiently open to see that new ways are better than the old; they are ready to give the new ways a trial. The tempo of change will quicken as this generation grows up.

I have referred above to the "babu-minded"—the semi-educated who seek clerical jobs in the cities or, if they return to the villages, do so with the attitude that physical work is degrading to the superior man. It is well known that there are too many young people like this in India, and is part of the reason for the high unemployment figures among university graduates. One of the attractive features of the work of the land-reformer Vinoba Bhave—the 60-year old Brahmin on whose thin shoulders the mantle of Gandhi has fallen—is the appeal it has made to a number of young, educated Hindus who are working with him in his attempt to secure a more equitable distribution of India's land. This

work of Bhave is today the most important development of the spiritual life of the ashram; and the gentle, bearded scholar-saint who walks from village to village on his self-imposed task, asking the landlords to give him land for distribution among India's fifty million landless, is effecting a revolution in land tenure that could perhaps only take place in a country where the attitude to life is basically religious. "The earth is the Lord's," says Bhave, and the man who searches his conscience knows it to be true. Indian landlords have given away over three and a half million acres to the poor in response to Bhave's appeal—given voluntarily to a man who asks for it in the name of God.

There is no space here for an examination of the Land Gifts Movement, which has the support of the Government and which is paving the way for a non-violent solution of India's land problem. Some question the value of dividing big farms into smaller plots under different owners; others point out that a man works harder on his own land than he does on his employer's. The effect of the movement on total production has yet to be seen. What is so impressive is the moral fervour deriving from Vinoba Bhave's mission. I stayed for a while in the ashram at Sevagram where Gandhi lived for the latter part of his life. Here I saw highly educated Hindus accepting poverty and being more contented with it than we in the West are with our comparative plenty. They work hard for the future of India. Like Bhave, they ask nothing for themselves. The Gandhians believe in a decentralised economy with village industries; they do not want the vast monolithic structures typical of western industry, and have criticised much of the Five Year Plan. They keep alive the belief that contentment does not consist in an abundance of possessions and that the Indian village may be more conducive to the good life and a spirit of neighbourliness than the inhumanity of the city streets. From what I have seen of the changing Indian village I am sure they are right.

BERNARD LEWELLYN.

PROFIT-SHARING

THE Prime Minister's fervent endorsement of profit-sharing and co-partnership, during the debate on the Queen's Address in the House of Commons on Thursday, 9th June, gave rise to a sudden flurry of interest and speculation in the national and periodical press. Carried away a little by the occasion, perhaps, he declared that he believed and he prayed that something of that kind has come to last in British industry. The value of his commendation in industrial quarters was a little impaired by the context in which it occurred, for it appeared to come to his mind as an alternative to nationalisation, which he had just roundly condemned. The attention of the press quickly switched to other, and more rewarding topics, but in many a Board Room, and in the breast of many a Director, the incident continues to have its effect. "Is there anything in co-partnership that we are missing?" is one persisting question, and "Ought we to do something about it?" is another. If these questions are answered, as in many cases they are being answered, the next important questions are how much and precisely what should be done. These are largely technical matters, and they can be left to the technicians to sort out

in the special circumstances of each enterprise; (in the Industrial Co-partnership Association industry has its own agency for the exchange of information on such matters) but the first two questions raise issues of wider public interest.

What there may be in co-partnership is an open question. It has been tried in many different ways in several countries over a period of more than a century, and in experience of so wide a nature material exists to support almost every possible view. The view adopted by the present writer is free from political and sectarian bias, and based so far as that is possible on a dispassionate review of a wide sector of British experience, coloured by a deep belief that there are values in industrial (and other kinds of social) harmony that outweigh purely material considerations. The explanation seems necessary, because it is now fashionable to approach co-partnership as a political matter, and on the Continent it has long been regarded as one of religion. The British Liberal Party has for many years talked and written a great deal about co-partnership, giving to its own favoured nostrums the distinguishing name of "Co-Ownership." In essence the Party's line seems to be that the social schism with which so much of modern political (and philosophical) thinking is concerned, can be closed by abolishing the gulf between rich and poor, by the process of making everyone a capitalist. "Ownership for All," say the Liberals, with great sincerity and much enthusiasm. That social experience suggests that the great majority of newly created owners will proceed with all speed to dispose of their wealth in exchange for more directly satisfying possessions has never been squarely faced. If it were, the Liberals might find themselves talking about a perpetual process of redistribution which it would be difficult to distinguish from the Marxist doctrine of the continuous revolution! Whether the operation is to be carried out once, or repeatedly, it amounts to the familiar process of taking from those that have to give to those that have not, while at the same time lauding the virtues of thrift which, one supposes, would one day provide a fresh basis for a repetition of the same act of social "justice." The fallacy in this line of thought is self-evident. No redistribution of wealth is more than a temporary expedient; too often repeated, such redistributions hasten the decay of a society by giving undue encouragement to immediate consumption.

There is a second grave misconception at work which is that social harmony can be bought. People who can see quite clearly that legislation cannot make man better, nevertheless are hopeful about what a little more material wealth will do in this direction. In its essence, this also lies very close to Marxist thinking, at least to the extent that it accepts the materialist approach to life. The matter becomes more serious when the Conservatives adopt, in a modified form, the Liberal doctrines on industrial organisation. A survey of the election returns shows that the abstention of Labour voters was much heavier in a handful of constituencies where large groups of employees of Imperial Chemical Industries are known to live. The conclusion that the introduction of profit-sharing in I.C.I. in May, 1954, turned away these Labour votes a year later is all too easy to reach. The basic assumption in this calculation is precisely the same as that of the Liberals. Material factors

are those that weigh most with people, give them a share in the ownership and they are changed. Whether this facile view is accepted or not is largely a matter of temperament, for it does not lend itself to objective investigation.

"Bread and circuses" does not, however, seem to have been a redemptive policy in classical Rome, and its inadequacy in the existing divided state of society is suggested by the consideration that the class war has not sensibly abated during the last one hundred years, when the real wages of labour have been more than doubled, and the rich soaked on an impressive scale. Nor, in the particular aspect of social affairs we are here considering, does the history of co-partnership in the gas industry afford much comfort to the materialist view. In the gas co-partnerships, in many cases, men had become inside fifty years ardent and convinced supporters of the idea. But when the issue of nationalisation was raised they continued to vote Labour, and were concerned (some few exceptions only apart) to obtain adequate compensation. It is more reasonable to conclude that for the most part, workers, men or women, are not for sale. Their loyalty, their willingness to respond positively to the leads given them by management, are not marketable articles. If they were, and if co-partnership could buy things so eminently desirable, so utterly essential to the continued progress of industry, the principle would have been generally established years ago. If industrialists have held back from this new course, it is because industrial experience offers no great hopes of it.

To state the position in this bald fashion denies any value to co-partnership or its handmaidens, profit-sharing, employee shareholding and joint consultation. If these principles are approached simply as means productive in themselves of the industrial ends desired, then the assertion will stand any test that can be based upon British industrial experience. But if they are regarded as management tools, the same body of experience will suggest, unequivocally, an entirely different evaluation. In the hands of management of the right kind these principles contribute to the achievement of conditions of industrial harmony that are as marked as they are desirable. The right kind of management in this context is not easily defined, for different kinds of management using these principles in differing ways and in circumstances wholly dissimilar achieve much the same measure of success. Perhaps the most simple indication of what is required of management is that it must earn and deserve the loyalty, the good will, the confidence and the co-operation of the workers it leads, and that it must earn and deserve them in everything it does on every day it continues. In other words, what basically counts is what a manager *is*, not what he consciously sets out to do. To put the problem of defining the right kind of management in this fashion does not simplify it, but it may avoid many delusions. The answer to the first main question posed above may now be attempted; "Is there anything in co-partnership?" To a manager, a management (and to a politician) who approaches it as a panacea, as a magic formula, the answer is that there is nothing in co-partnership, nothing at all—for them. To a manager, a management, who approaches it as a tool useful only in so far as it subserves some deeper and more refined quality of human leadership within themselves,

the answer is that there is a great deal in co-partnership, enough to justify the time and thought involved in careful enquiry.

What such a management ought to do about co-partnership depends on a host of circumstances. To mention a few of them, without suggesting the appropriate reactions, will be useful here, because their complexity is a convincing demonstration of the difficulty (even the impossibility) of legislation. Some enterprises are engaged on stable production for a steady market; and others have to face truly violent fluctuations in demand. Some can go on producing much the same article year by year; and others never know when a new idea, or a new fashion, will completely alter the shape of their affairs. Some enterprises are growing fast; and others are fully matured. Some employ very costly equipment and a handful of workers; and others depend almost entirely upon the effort and the skill of the individual workers. Some can make a slow and orderly provision for changes in methods and techniques; others may be faced with dramatic, and costly, changes almost overnight. All these circumstances have a vital impact upon the question of how large a share in the profits is available for profit sharing.

Equally important are the more domestic circumstances of each business. In one the proprietors have curtailed their drawings of profits for years, and ploughed them back for further development, while in others the drawings have been as large as possible. The business that has a generous policy in making up pay during periods of illness, or makes adequate provision for its employees when they retire, or does any other of a dozen things that come under the head of Welfare, is evidently in quite a different situation than the company that does little or nothing about such things. In case it should be imagined that there is an easy answer to this latter group of special considerations it should be said that some kinds of business do not permit the adoption of the regular annual charge involved in many welfare provisions, and that some prefer to adopt the principle of paying the utmost possible, leaving the men and women concerned to make their own welfare provisions. The natural partnership that, willy-nilly, recognised or not, does in fact exist between labour, management and capital implies that in particular circumstances the provisions made by a management to meet their varied conditions of operation are for the benefit, or the detriment, of all. The ploughing-back of profits, to take an example currently much misunderstood, (and also misrepresented) strengthens the capital position. It also happens to be the only measure that any management can take to ensure two ends of vital importance to labour, the security of employment and the improvement of earnings. No business can run for long unless its plant is kept up-to-date, and no substantial prospect of improved living standards exists apart from the continuous increase of the amount of capital (in terms of equipment) lying behind each worker—it is not accidental that the U.S. worker has a much higher standard of life, for he also has, on average, four times as much capital equipment to produce it with.

This brief consideration of what we might call the semi-technical aspects of profit-sharing has not been so wide a digression as it at first appears, for it brings us to the second main question, with an answer to it already in our minds. "Ought a management to do something about

co-partnership?" The answer is that whatever anyone may choose to think about it, every management every day is in fact already doing something about co-partnership. Every management is in fact taking care of security of employment when it provides funds out of current earnings for depreciation and reserves, and not the less so if it imagines that it is simply preserving the capital of the enterprise. Every management is in fact taking care of the improvement of the earnings of labour when it provides funds out of ploughed-back profits, or by raising new capital, for the modernisation of techniques. The chief difference between the co-partnership management and the rest, is that the former is quite well aware of the implications of what it is doing, and the others are not. The consequences of these varied views scarcely need enumeration. The management that sees the underlying partnership of all industry is in a vastly different relationship with labour, and on a far stronger footing in all its dealings with its fellow-employees. The cost to industry of ill-will, inattention, bad timekeeping, absenteeism, lack of co-operation, carelessness (or its modern variation, "couldn't care-less-ness") has never been computed, and must be vast. This cost falls on all the unconscious partners, and in modern times, when the remuneration of labour is the heaviest charge, it falls most heavily upon the workers.

Let no-one imagine that even the deliberate and persistent pursuit of co-partnership is in itself the solution of these troubles. But, equally, let no-one be so foolish as to deny that any step, however faltering or short, towards that solution is thoroughly worth while. To put the values no higher than this is to fall into that error of materialism that has already been castigated above. The other values of co-partnership are of a different order altogether. For better or for worse, a worker, whether at the bench or at the desk, and as much in the highest as the humblest of jobs, is constrained to spend the greater part of his, and her, active life at work. If the conditions in which that work is done are unsatisfactory, if the worker is conscious of ill-will, lack of confidence, insecurity, the whole of his, or her, life is coloured by it. To be unhappy in one's work is among the major tragedies of life, and has its consequences for the home circle, for a social group, and even for a whole political society as well. Co-partnership is no automatic cure for bad industrial morale, no short cut to higher productivity, and certainly no answer to socialism or nationalisation or any other bogey of politics. Co-partnership is simply the only hopeful way for men and women in industry to learn to live together in reasonable mutual accommodation in the consciousness of a shared purpose, and industrially speaking, a shared fate. No management can afford to neglect co-partnership. It is a wry commentary upon some of the nonsense talked in some political circles today to appreciate that co-partnership is as real a necessity in a Russian factory as it is in the most independent of free enterprises, and just as hard to get. Simply to determine to try to foster a co-partnership spirit in the enterprise that one is managing is to change the situation in a vitally important way. Whether he likes it or not, the manager is the natural leader in the enterprise, and the tone of every social group, in industry as much as in every other joint human activity, is set by the example of the man at the top.

STUDENT OF INDUSTRY.

INVASION FROM SPACE

MOST people react in very different ways to talk about space travel and statements on flying saucers. Say you hope to visit the moon in thirty years, and you are taken seriously. Does not the interplanetary society number scientists in its membership? But mention saucers, and you must be either hoaxer or simpleton. Yet the saucer only means that folk from some other world have got in first. And almost all scientists now think there are other worlds. So why the incredulity and the laughter? I am still incredulous about space-travel. Or if my incredulity is shaken it is thanks not so much to the arguments of the interplanetarians as to the testimony of several reliable witnesses about the saucers. Surely if space-travel is a bare possibility we are stupid not to take them very seriously indeed?

It is not my purpose to give instances of the sightings of spacecraft. It is enough to refer the sceptical or the uninformed to Scully's "Behind the Flying Saucers" (1950); Keyhoe's "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" (1953); Heard's "Is Another World Watching?" (1953); Adamski's "Flying Saucers have Landed" (1953) and Cramp's "Space, Gravity and the Flying Saucer" (1954). Thus there is a considerable literature on the subject, provoking and entertaining. The writers differ in presuppositions and inferences, and in the strain they make on our credulity; but all agree that the things are real; far ahead of any machine yet made on earth. And all incline to believe that old records hitherto dismissed as fiction or fantasy suggest that for centuries we have been under the occasional observation of folk from beyond our world.

The craft are of two chief types: the saucer and the cigar. The saucer is round, with a central dome, and may vary in size from a few feet to as much as a thousand. The cigar looks like the old airship. Both have windows. Both appear to be made of a smooth shining substance—possibly metal. Both sometimes glow with varying tints. Furthermore, they seem sometimes to arrest electrical operations on earth; and there is a report of a plane being held awhile, suspended motionless, beneath one of these things, apparently to allow the unearthly crew to make a thorough examination of plane and pilot! The weird craft themselves seem to be able to hover quite still indefinitely, then to move off with a speed of anything up to at least five miles a second. The hovering, the speed, and the almost instant acceleration are equally staggering. In most instances no propulsive power is in evidence; and our authors can only guess as to the force employed. Cramp suggests they may have found out how to use gravity *in reverse*, so that they can employ it with equal ease to attract the craft to the earth, to repel it, or to balance it over any given place. But the favourite theory is that magnetism is used in some way undiscovered by us. All agree that the things are not jet propelled, and incline to the opinion that to indulge in space travel by rocket would be about as reckless as to set sail on the Atlantic in a coracle.

Scully and Keyhoe are convinced that the American authorities believe both in the reality and the extra-terrestrial origin of the saucers; but are deliberately adopting a hush-hush policy, and suppressing certain facts known to them, lest the public panic! But why do they come? And

coming so near, why don't they land? Here we find much difference of opinion. Some say they may be unable to land, owing to atmospheric and gravitational differences between their world and ours. Thus Mars being so much smaller than earth, and its gravity so much less, the Martians might be giants, unable to move on earth. Some say they *have* landed. And others suggest they may not even want to land. They are merely charting our world in a general survey of the solar system! Scully believes they did land once, accidentally and fatally. He credits a report that sixteen dead men were taken out of a saucer—little fellows from three and a half to four feet high; that the saucer was jointless and weaponless; and that the American authorities know all about it but won't talk. He is not impressed by the absence of obvious weapons. Doubtless the little folk could disintegrate any hostile craft or crew! Perhaps they come from a dying planet seeking a new home! So we must be careful and humble! All the authorities are concerned that militarilly-minded airmen, too often unimaginative and gunhappy, are likely to be the first humans to make contact.

Heard takes the most pleasing view. He thinks the visitors have long been interested both in earth and mankind. At first this interest was that of the naturalist in the animal, or the anthropologist in the savage (never that of hunter, imperialist, or even missionary!). But the far more frequent sightings of late suggest a rapidly increasing interest in the last decade; and this interest tends to concentrate on the districts where atomic bombs have been exploded or atomic research stations established. Furthermore, it is now mixed with alarm. That the bombs, despite the meteorologists, are making chaos of our weather is a small matter compared with the fact that they threaten to turn babies into monstrosities, and to render earth a sterile desert, uninhabitable except by fungi and coelenterata. But even that, to the Martians, is insignificant compared with the possibility that they might act like a catalyst on the sun, and set it pulsating, till it suddenly bursts all bounds, and swallows up not only Venus and the earth but Mars also, reducing everything to chaos. Is this a nightmare? God grant it is; but Heard is not the only writer with scientific training who visualises the possibility. The hope, of course, is that our friends from Mars will stop us playing the fool, like the gangs of nasty little boys we are.

With regard to their benevolence, there would seem, fortunately, to be a good deal of evidence that Heard is right. There have been many near contacts, and only one fatality. And that was probably due to the foolhardiness of the airman who chased a saucer: similar to that of the man who ignorantly touches a live rail. Yet with regard to one matter Heard is the most fantastic of all our prophets. Rejecting the story of the sixteen dead men, he thinks that the Martians, though more human in mentality and morality than ourselves, don't look like us at all. He argues that no mammal, no reptile even, could survive that almost instant and enormous acceleration, nor stand up to the Martian climate. A small creature with an exoskeleton is suggested. The Martians probably have arthropod bodies. Perhaps they look more like bees than any other of our animals—very large bees! At first sight this seems obvious nonsense. But if we accept the Neo-Larmarckian theory of instinct ants must once have had

intelligence; and if Von Frisch is right bees have still. Size has little to do with it. Ostriches are much stupider than tits. No doubt it would be difficult for mammal-humans to establish communication with insect-humans. We had best start with geometrical designs and propositions, intelligible to all intellects!

Meanwhile, however, Adamski arrives, with the startling claim to have met a man of his own shape and size who came out of a saucer that landed purposely. And they *talked*—talked chiefly by ingenuous gestures. Thus by pointing sunwards, and then describing circles at varying distances round one hand with the other, they indicated the different planets; and by this means the visitor told the earthling that he came from Venus. Also that there were humans in Mars; and that both races were anxious about the war-madness on earth. Also that the people of Venus believed in immortality: the body died but the real person went on! Then he warned Adamski not to go too near the ship—it would hurt him. And then—he was off! Fiction? A hoax? It certainly looks like it. Though Cramp, an accomplished scientist, takes it in. But discount if you will all speculations about human bees—all claims to have spoken with a man from another world—there still remain the observations of reliable and hitherto sceptical airmen and others: there still remains the increasing frequency of the sightings as we idiotically blast our way nearer to total destruction in a third world-war: or perhaps without the need of any other war. Two possibilities loom ahead of us. All the horrible descriptions of universal destruction in the ancient scriptures would seem to be on the verge of fulfilment; except that the agents of destruction are neither Gods nor devils but men: often even good men! Neither does it seem impossible that salvation may come, again as in those ancient prophecies, from the skies; but again not from Gods or angels, but from men like ourselves—men from outer space!

Do I really believe this? Would I believe? Yes—when frightened by the improbability of mankind ever getting out of the mess of its own making in which it is increasingly floundering. No—a thousand times no—when daring enough to hope that for once mutual fear will lead not to panic and mass-violence, but to a paralysis of action that may yet give way to mutual shame and returning sanity.

But afterwards—when humanity has recovered its right mind, and the sword has been turned into a ploughshare and the last national flag been furled—then what could be more welcome than a visitation from a still more enlightened sphere? Think of the pleasant surprise, the enlarged horizon, the invitation to journey, with safe guides, over the space-ocean to another very different world this side of death! Nothing as crude as jet-propelled rockets to travel in; but smooth, swift spaceships, independent of any explosive propulsion. Perhaps, loth to interfere, our emergence into safety is just what the watchers are waiting for: standing by to see that we do not finally turn our world into a chaos; standing by till we can look them in the face without shame. And if they are, after all, very unlike us in shape, what then? Imagine a self-conscious human mind in the body of a bird or bee. It is what children and primitives do in fairy tale and folklore. No creature answers to these fancies in this world; and there are those who argue (Alfred Russel Wallace was one of them,

and not long ago Gerald Heard himself another) that if it *could* have happened anywhere it *would* have happened here. But who knows? In another planet perhaps. If we demur, is it that we dislike the uncanny? But should we really dislike a friendly or talkative bird or bee? Some children would clap their hands and laugh in sheer delight. It would add immensely to the fascination and joy of life. But what would the bird—or bee-humans think of their newly found brothers, the mammal-humans, in the shape of large hairless monkeys? Would they understand and forgive our sins and follies more readily? But leaving the whimsical, and assuming merely that we shall shortly make some sort of contact with another human world—assuming also that it will not be bemired in its own follies as ours, what is likely to be the effect of such contact on our theological views? Keyhoe suggests that American “hush-hush” was partly dictated by fear that traditional Christianity would be undermined. The suggestion was rebutted, and one remembers the ghastly effusion of a minor Victorian poetess in which Jesus is described as dying in world after world to save all the human races from the “justice” of the “Father.” One also remembers another poem on a far higher level in which all the other worlds envy us because it was in ours alone that God chose to incarnate. So that presumably the most benighted “fundamentalism” and the most enlightened “Christocentrism” will still remain when space-ships between Mars, Venus and Earth ply as regularly as planes between Japan, Britain and America! Probably there will be missions to save the Martians in the name of Christ—or Mohamet!

Will there perchance be return missions, to save us in the name of some Martian Godman of centuries ago? Yet one fancies that, save in a few backwaters, the miscalled fundamentalist wings of the so-called world-religions will dwindle. Whereas it does not appear that interplanetary or interstellar or inter-galaxial communication could have any effect on the genuine religious fundamentals. The vision of the being of God would be magnified; and the prospect of human brotherhood on a cosmic scale never before conceived would surely uplift us from all petty world-parochial quarrels! Do we glimpse, far off, at last, the end of both political and theological totalitarianism and the ultimate triumph of a cosmic theism?

BASIL VINEY.

THE HUNGARIAN SCENE

SINCE the death of Stalin, the Communist world has undergone a series of outward changes in the Party line, the extreme variations of which could be observed in Hungary. The Communists there attempted to outdo their Soviet model and even to anticipate the next move to be indicated by events in Moscow with the result that Hungary is the only satellite where the post-Stalin developments have led to the public disgrace of a leading figure and to the obvious disorientation and demoralisation of Party cadres.

The position of Rakosi, one of the few survivors of the old guard of Communist leadership in Central Europe, provides some illustration of

the shifts in the balance of power inside Hungary since 1953. Since the establishment of Communist rule he had been the undisputed master of the Party and country; indeed, he was the only satellite leader whose position of personal power could be compared to that held by Stalin in the USSR. The brief "anti-Zionist" episode spot-lighted by the fall of Slánský in Czechoslovakia and the so-called Doctors' plot in Moscow, which preceded Stalin's death, appeared as a threat to Rakosi's position in view of his Jewish origin. But Stalin died just in time and Rakosi survived to nominate Imre Nagy as the protagonist of the "new course" in Hungary.

The Hungarians were the first Communist-ruled nation to experience the full impact of the policy of concessions to the peasants and of encouraging the production of consumer goods, which was applied generally in Eastern Europe in the summer and autumn of 1953. Even before the new policy had been defined by Malenkov in Moscow, Rakosi had resigned his Premiership, while retaining his Party office, in obedience to the fashionable doctrine of collective leadership. One of the Party's agricultural experts and a man believed to be able to gain some measure of popularity among the peasants was appointed Premier in the person of Nagy.

He launched his programme of conciliation in June 1953, with a speech which shook the entire Eastern bloc. Hungary's frantic industrialisation drive was practically halted, increased attention was to be paid to the production of consumer goods and the peasants, who had been subjected to forcible collectivisation for several years, were told that they were at liberty to leave the hated collective farms. Undeniably, the past emphasis on the building up of heavy industries had placed an unbearable strain on the country. Discontent had been caused by the absence of much-needed consumer goods and food was short, mainly because the sullen peasantry could not be brought to implement the planned delivery quotas of farming produce. The "new course" as applied everywhere within the Soviet orbit sought to remedy this state of affairs by slowing up the expansion of heavy industries and by conciliating the peasants. However, only in Hungary and Czechoslovakia were they told by a leading Communist that they could abandon the collective farms. In the latter country the effects of this were less marked, but in Hungary the peasants began to desert the collective farms in droves. The resulting disorganisation of agriculture did little to bring about the desired abundance of foodstuffs.

To many left-wingers in the Hungarian Workers' Party it became immediately obvious that Nagy had over-reached himself in his attempt to outdo Malenkov. The ideological conflict caused by this much-advertised abandonment of Marxist dogma, which must have gone on inside all Communist Parties, broke into the open in Hungary, where the swing to the right had gone furthest. The left wing of the Party was reluctant to abandon the Marxist dream of economic self-sufficiency and of making Hungary into a country of iron and steel, for which they had been willing to sacrifice a great deal in the past. Nagy made the great mistake of arousing two opposing emotions: the peasant's love for his land and the convinced Communist's belief in elaborate economic planning and collective effort could not be reconciled. As a result he

fell much harder than the other exponents of the "new course" when the time arrived for its abandonment.

As long as Moscow continued to pursue its own new course, Nagy was safe. Indeed, at the beginning of last October he completely dominated a session of the Central Committee of the Hungarian Workers' Party, when he dismissed all criticism of his policy, restated its aims in unequivocal terms and in particular rejected the argument that a reduction in the purchasing power of the rural population would compel it to improve its performance. On the contrary, Nagy said, by providing more goods for the peasants, the State would gain their goodwill and the produce of their fields. As far as industry was concerned, the old policy of over-industrialisation had misinterpreted the ideals of socialism by paying no regard to the everyday needs of the individual and of society.

Rakosi, who after all had proposed Nagy for the Premiership, had kept well in the background throughout the new course, either because his position in the Party had been momentarily weakened or because he preferred to avoid identification with a policy which ran counter to his beliefs and convictions. When the new economic policy's abandonment in the USSR was made public by Malenkov's resignation at the beginning of February of this year, Nagy's career as Premier also appeared to have run its course. Within two weeks, a medical bulletin announced his inability to carry on public business. A heart condition was blamed, and it is quite probable that the news from Moscow had affected the Hungarian Premier's health.

A general attack on his policy was developed in the Cominform journal at about the same time, and finally, at the beginning of March the Central Committee of the Hungarian Workers' Party met to condemn Nagy and his right-wing supporters. Their policy was blamed for the 3.1 per cent decline in the production of heavy industry during 1954. The halting of the agricultural collectivisation drive was described as erroneous and a definite right-wing threat to the Party line was suddenly discovered. The Party regarded the ideological liquidation of all rightist views as its foremost task in the immediate future. It is safe to assume that Nagy's convalescence was not helped by these decisions, and indeed the final blow was not far. On April 14th the Central Committee expelled him from the Politburo and decided to replace him with Hegedus as Premier. His views were pilloried as "anti-Marxist, anti-Leninist and hostile to the Party." His activities were alleged to have caused serious damage to the socialist development of Hungary.

Rakosi retains his commanding position in the Hungarian Party and he has rid himself of a rival, whose influence might have threatened his own had the new course been allowed to continue. The Patriotic People's Front, set up by Nagy as a sort of mass counterpoise to the political elite represented by the Party, has been consigned to obscurity, the policy of expanding heavy industry resumed on a more cautious scale and a new collectivisation drive started. In accordance with longstanding Communist practice, those, who have been purged, are now blamed for all existing shortcomings. In its report on the implementation of the State Plan during the first half of this year, the Central Statistical Office states that industrial production had increased by 4.9 per cent in comparison

with same period last year. On the other hand, production targets for cast steel, pig iron and aluminium have not been met in the second quarter of 1955 and the quality of some consumer goods, particularly clothing and textiles, was reported to be worse than in 1954.

In agriculture the position continues to be bad. Hungary, once among the first rank of European grain-producing countries, has applied for deliveries of Canadian wheat and last June the Central Committee considered the unsatisfactory state of agricultural production. Some successes were mentioned, but only to enable the opponents of Nagy's conciliatory policy towards the peasants to say that much more could have been achieved but for the "obstructions of rightist and opportunist views." Collectivisation was again put forward as a likely cure-all for Hungary's agricultural ills and it was decided that by 1960 the so-called socialist sector in agriculture should exceed the acreage tilled by private farmers. At present there are 5,000 collective farms in Hungary, with less than 25 per cent of the total of arable land.

On the home front everything seems to have gone back to the days before Stalin's death, but in the field of foreign affairs the issue has been more complicated. A return to the methods, made notorious by the Vogeler case, was indicated this summer by the arrests of two Hungarian employees of the United States Legation in Budapest and of a Hungarian couple who worked as correspondents for two Western news agencies. On the other hand, the release from prison of Cardinal Mindszenty announced in July would show that the soft foreign policy now pursued by the USSR, despite the jettisoning of the new economic course, must necessarily command the support of the satellite Governments. The "interruption" of the Cardinal's sentence on the grounds of his age and state of health may have been intended to impress the world with the reasonable attitude of the East European Communists on the eve of the talks at the summit in Geneva. At the same time, the Cardinal's release may be useful by impressing the deeply religious peasants, now engaged in gathering the harvest, with the power and leniency of the State.

Hungary's position is of particular significance in conjunction with the Soviet withdrawal from Austria and *rapprochement* with Tito's Yugoslavia. The first move places Hungary on the Western perimeter of the Communist bloc and therefore increases the Soviet stake in maintaining a firm satellite regime in the saddle. The flux created by Nagy's new course would have certainly not been conducive to the sort of order now needed in Hungary. Among the reasons which induced the Soviet Government and Communist Party to attempt to iron out some of the differences between Yugoslavia and the Cominform countries may have been the desire to placate Hungary's southern neighbour now that she has come face to face with the West. It is doubtful whether the Soviet approach to Tito has been welcomed without reservations in Hungary. The anti-Titoist witch-hunt has nowhere been more violent and there are old scores to be settled between Tito and Rakosi. As far as prestige is concerned no Communist leader in Europe can rival Tito today and it is not inconceivable that he may use it to square the accounts of his enemies. In a speech last July Tito welcomed the Soviet moves to repair the damage done by Stalin's policy towards Yugoslavia, but he also expressly criticised

Communist leaders in Hungary, "who still intrigue against Yugoslavia behind the scenes . . . and put people in gaol for favouring friendship with us and for approving the statements of Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders." Although no one was named by Tito, it was fairly obvious that Rakosi was the main target of his remarks. In effect Tito thus appealed to Khrushchev to make Rakosi eat his words.

Just as Nagy went too far to the right in applying the new course in Hungary, Rakosi now seems to have gone too far to the left in the latest variations being played in Budapest. He just has not yet caught up with the latest twist of Soviet policy—the appeasement of Tito—partly because he has been too preoccupied with re-applying Marxist orthodoxy in the Hungarian economy. This does not mean that he may not succeed in placating Tito, pleasing Khrushchev and exorcizing Nagy all at the same time. It may be possible, but it will not be easy. It would appear that the Hungarian Communist bosses make their lives needlessly complicated by their excessively violent application of the swings of the pendulum of the Party line—they get carried too far and thus usually have some difficulty in hanging on while it swings in the opposite direction. Some even fall off.

J. F. APPLEBY.

ANIMAL TERRITORIES

THE surface of the earth is the domain of its animal denizens, and their dependence on what it brings forth in the way of food and shelter is absolute. It should be possible in theory to divide up land and water, both in width and in depth, and allot to every individual its minimum requirement of living-space. In practice, even if it were possible, this would be a futile proceeding. The only reason for mentioning it is to add point to the conclusion that it is not surprising that many animals should have acquired a sense of property, should exercise rights over a territory which becomes theirs at any rate for part of their life-history, and which they are prepared to defend against trespassers. What is rather surprising is that this fundamentally important practice has been recognised and investigated only within the last thirty years. The reason for the delay is that from the time when naturalists first became interested in their humbler fellow-citizens what was most noticeable was their wonderful and bewildering variety. A way had to be found through this maze. So it was anatomy that became of primary importance and, by way of anatomy, classification. Next came distribution, and it was not until these had been thoroughly explored that habits and ways of living were investigated. So it was that two important branches of natural history came into existence; ecology, which is the study of the relationship between the animal and its environment, and behaviour or, as it might be called, psychology. These two lines of enquiry now deserve to be called sciences in their own right and are claiming an increasing amount of attention. In both of them the territory-forming habit is of the first importance.

What kinds of animal have developed this habit? The answer is a very large number, possibly most, at least of the higher animals. Detailed

studies have been worked out only with certain birds and fishes. But it is wise here, as always, to start at the beginning. It is possible to divide all animals, from the point of view of their way of living, into two big groups, sedentary and mobile, though it is true that sedentary animals are almost always mobile during the early stages of their life-history. We can split up mobile creatures further into gregarious and solitary. Two questions then suggest themselves. Is the territory habit to be found in all three? In which of the groups can we trace its origin? The answer to the first is not easy, but guardedly we can say, to some extent, yes. A simpler answer can be given to the second question. It is among the sedentary animals that we can find the beginnings of the territory habit. To live fixed in one spot is a primitive characteristic, applying on the whole to creatures low in the evolutionary scale: sponges, sea-anemones, corals and some of the molluscs. No sooner does one of these creatures, having passed the larval stage, settle down upon a rock, occupying a specific area by the act of covering it with its body, and attracting food by means of the current set up by means of its cilia or tentacles, than there is immediately established a territory in embryo. But even sedentary animals go further than this. It has been shown, for instance, that if certain sea-anemones are collected and placed in an aquarium in a compact group touching one another, they will show their distaste for this state of affairs by moving a few inches outwards until spaced out to an extent that satisfies an innate craving for elbow-room. This brings out a basically important point, that the justification of territory-forming, its biological significance, is to effect just such a spacing out, so as to prevent overcrowding harmful to the species.

Molluscs are far more highly developed than sea-anemones, and the commonest mollusc of our rocky shores, the limpet, has arrived at a compromise between the sedentary and the mobile ways of living. This is a result of the highly specialised circumstances in which it lives. Exposed to the pounding of storm-waves, the limpet needs a fixed abode from which there shall be no dislodgment and to this, when necessary, it clings with a tenacity that has become proverbial, scooping out a shallow depression into which the shell exactly fits. But when the tide is in and the sea relatively calm, the creature abandons its hold to go browsing off seaweed over an expanse of rock within a radius of up to three feet of its abode. A mysterious homing instinct guides its return unerringly, when an equally mysterious instinct informs it that the time has come to seek anchorage. It would be going too far to suppose that one limpet will defend its browsing-territory against another, though, since limpets are so common, there must be keen competition for grazing-rights, and no doubt a good deal of overlapping and encroachment must occur.

Forsaking the sedentary, or partially sedentary animals, we come to that great order embracing many of the most freely mobile, highly adapted and varyingly successful creatures in existence, the insects. It would be surprising if the territory habit were not to be found here. No doubt it can be, but the fact remains that few studies have been made and the evidence is meagre. One instance can be given, that of a dragonfly, the green demoiselle, *Agriion virgo*, frequently seen in summer along the banks of lowland rivers. But first this example can be used to state a

principle of the first importance which is this: the territory habit, when fully developed, is intimately bound up with the permanent separation of the sexes in different individuals, and is invariably associated with courtship and marriage. We can go further than this, can safely say that among the higher animals it is only in preparation for mating that territories appear at all, that with very few exceptions, they are abandoned during the rest of the year. The green demoiselle shows this clearly. When the males are in the full splendour of their lustrous, bottle-green, nuptial livery they become fiercely intolerant of one another. When one has staked out his claim on a sprig of watercress, among the swampy shallows, at the centre of what seems to be a territory, he will immediately attack a trespassing rival. Sometimes the intruder is chased far beyond the limits of the territory. On other occasions a long and comparatively leisurely sparring-match takes place, each one circling about the other for an hour or more, until at last one gains the mastery and chases his rival away. Eventually a female will visit one of these triumphant and eligible males, and after a number of abortive attempts, mating will be accomplished.

But it is among vertebrates that the territory-habit reaches complete development, and it is important to realise clearly what that means. Once again connection with the whole breeding-cycle is vital and exclusive; but now the territory, more than a bridal-chamber, becomes a nursery for the young as well. The biological significance, as before, is to effect a spacing-out, to provide living-space for a family. Since the territory is of such vital importance, it must be defended, and so there is fighting between rival males, or more precisely, since physical injury is rare, threat and pursuit. Even this is not the whole story. The all-important problem of food-supply is involved also, and the territory, in addition to bridal-chamber and nursery, is apt to become an expanse of field, wood or water wide enough, or populous enough, to provide food sufficient for parents and young.

The common three-spined stickleback exemplifies these points clearly. If two males, together with a number of females, are kept in an aquarium during the breeding-season, it will not be long before indications of the assertion of proprietary rights begin to show themselves. If the aquarium is large enough, two separate and contiguous territories will be mapped out. The male stickleback in early May dons a resplendent livery of red and electric blue, an indication that he is both ripe for marriage and in fighting trim where rivals are concerned. These two physical conditions, brought about by subtle changes going on in his body, are closely bound up, not only with one another but with the territory as well. It is as though the three things; the cubic space of sand, weed and water which is the territory; the nuptial livery of the little fish, and his aggressively sexual behaviour, were varying manifestations of the same urge, as indeed there is very little doubt that they are.

Subsequent proceedings are complex and fascinating, all carried out within the limits of the territory. To say that the male is the dominant partner is an understatement. The female performs one function only, the laying of the eggs. It is the male who builds a nest of water-weed in the intervals of chasing away, not rivals only, but females as well. It is the male who eventually leads one of the females to the nest, though

not until his aggressiveness has been countered by a characteristic posture of submissiveness on her part. It is the male also who, by prodding the base of her tail when she has entered the nest, urges her to lay the eggs, and as soon as this has been done, fertilises them, then aerates them assiduously by fanning them with his fins. Finally it is he who protects and devotedly shepherds the brood as soon as they have been hatched and until they are old enough to fend for themselves. Students of animal behaviour owe much to the three-spined stickleback. Its commonness, the clear-cut details of its actions during the breeding-season, and the ease with which these may be observed and recorded through the glass of an aquarium, have combined to make it into something of a type organism, so that many of the conclusions on which the modern science of animal behaviour is based have been arrived at, to a considerable extent, as a result of observations and experiments carried out with the ready if unconscious co-operation of this little fish.

Finally there are those favourites the birds, among whom the territory-habit, in some form or other, is probably universal. But there is another reason for giving prominence to birds in any discussion of this subject, since it was during the course of pioneer investigations into the breeding behaviour of certain of our warblers that Eliot Howard, some thirty years ago, first demonstrated the importance of the territory-forming habit. Obviously there will be marked contrasts between different kinds of bird where the size of the territory is concerned and this will depend, among other things, on whether they are gregarious or solitary nesters. In the former, such as rooks and gannets, accustomed to range widely for food over the neighbouring countryside, or stretch of coastal waters, the territory, such as it is, will be used for breeding purposes only and restricted to the immediate surroundings of the nest. On the other hand we can expect to find the practice fully developed among those birds that breed in isolation from their kind. Clearly there must be over-lapping of territories between different species, and this will depend on the size of the bird and the range of its normal movements. The territory of a pair of golden eagles, for instance, on some Scottish mountain-side, could hardly fail to cover those of several pairs of meadow-pipits. But there appears to be little constancy in the size of territories belonging to a particular species. Thus David Lack in his detailed investigations into the life of the robin, found territories varying in extent from two-fifths of an acre to two acres.

While it would be rash to generalise, it seems clear that the usual procedure with regard to the occupation and use of territories among passerine birds is something like this. The cock bird is the first to arrive, whether in the case of a resident detaching himself from the winter flock, or of a migrant arriving at the breeding site a week or two in advance of the females. After a period of restlessness he settles down, choosing some conspicuous vantage-point, the strategic centre of his territory. Here he advertises his presence by singing and displaying his nuptial plumage. The purpose of this is twofold: to warn off rival cocks and to attract a mate. Intruders, whether of his own species or of others, are intimidated by aggressive posturing in which some prominent colour-scheme, for instance the red breast of the robin, may be threateningly displayed. It

is on the boundaries of adjoining territories that this warfare which, as in the case of the stickleback, is largely one of bluff and threat rather than combat in the literal sense, takes place. Again as with the stickleback, the trespasser quickly gives way to the rightful landlord, and if one bird who has already gone far in establishing his own territory, should venture beyond its boundaries, he too will at once retreat if attacked. This goes on both before and after mating, which is perhaps evidence for the conclusion that the territory has importance not only as the breeding-ground for a pair, but as an area over which food for the nestlings can be collected. But since many birds are known to forage outside their territories, there is disagreement on this point. Maintenance of territories coincides with the breeding period, coming to an end when the brood is fledged; but David Lack found a marked tendency among robins to form territories in late summer and autumn. These can have no connection with breeding-activities and, since they are most marked at a time when food is plentiful, tending to disappear in winter when it is scarce, it seems that there can be none with food-supply either. Their significance in fact is a mystery.

Our knowledge of the territory-habit among birds and other animals, though considerable and increasing, is far from complete. Evidence is often conflicting, but certain conclusions seem justified. There can be no doubt in the first place that the habit is fully developed and widely distributed, at least among the higher animals. It must therefore be of first rate biological importance. Its intimate association with breeding is beyond question, that with food supply rather less so. If, as may well be, the two are of equal significance, then the value of the territory-habit to the species seems clear. It must act as a natural check to population by limiting the number of breeding pairs that a given area can support. Other purposes may be to keep fighting to a minimum, to save time spent in collecting food, to make it easier for a breeding pair to keep together. On the other hand it must be remembered that it is one thing to arrive at what seems a reasonable conclusion, and frequently another to find that such a conclusion is supported by evidence. No hypothesis is worth giving weight to until experiments have been carried out to support it.

LESLIE REID.

LENIN AND THE FREEDOM MOVEMENT IN VIET NAM

IT is seldom realised that the leaders of Asian communism have been inspired more by Lenin's theory and practice than by the authors of the Communist Manifesto. Marx and Engels paid little attention to colonial questions, because the latter related mostly to predominantly agricultural lands of Asia and Africa with peasant economies. Engels despised the peasant for his political apathy, and Marx was convinced that only an industrial proletariat was capable of producing a revolutionary ferment. These assertions had been a source of a great dilemma to Russian communists, who always wondered whether a Communist revolution could

be successfully carried through in their country, which had not attained the stage of capitalist economy like western European countries and England, the countries which, according to Marx, would be the first to succumb to communism.

Lenin, who in fact was the first to revise communist theory, rejected these theses by his arguments forcefully put forward in his pamphlet "What is to be done." This remarkable piece of work—which was published in 1902—explains Lenin's theory of Revolution. He boldly declared that the success of revolution depended on properly organised movement and not on the circumstances that the economic development of a country had reached a certain stage of capitalist production and distribution. The revolutionary movement must be led by professionally trained revolutionaries and at its base should consist of the masses of peasants and industrial proletariat. These masses must be constantly agitated by skilful propaganda in order to sustain their revolutionary fervour and enthusiasm at the highest level. In a subsequent pamphlet entitled "Two Tactics," which appeared in 1905, Lenin further developed the strategy and tactics of conducting revolutionary movements, and in so doing he imperceptibly moved a great distance away from the orthodox Marxian theory. In this dissertation he rejected the "primitive democracy" and a state of the type of the "Paris Commune," to be constituted for functioning during the limited transitional period. Instead, he found a quick move towards socialism by building up a "democratic dictatorship," headed by a small proletariat and supported by a large revolutionary peasantry. This analysis clearly shows that Lenin was the first to discover the revolutionary potentialities of the peasantry whom he skilfully incorporated in his movement. He also saw the importance of linking nationalist movements in Asian countries with the Russian revolution. This policy was ruthlessly followed after 1919 as a diplomatic offensive against the Allied military intervention in Russia. When Lenin's theory and practice led the Bolshevik Revolution to success, it could not fail to inspire communist leaders in other countries. After the assumption of the leadership of the Chinese Communist party in 1935, Mao Tse Tung organised it and built up his guerrilla forces, which were predominantly drawn from the masses of the discontented peasantry, on Leninist lines. The same organisational and tactical lines were followed by Ho Chi Minh in Viet Nam. During the last War, when the Japanese overran Indo-China, Ho Chi Minh carried on a partizan struggle against the invaders, employing Lenin's strategy and tactics of revolution. When the war ended, the same forces were turned against the French. The latter, however, helped in the victory of Viet Minh by their failure to meet the challenge of Viet Nameese nationalism, inspired as it was with communism. Here the French policy stood in marked contrast to that of the British who responded with consummate political foresight to the challenge of the rising nationalism in their Eastern Empire, and who are following the same policy of readjusting their relationship with Middle-Eastern States so as to bring their position in that part of the world in harmony with the changed circumstances. Above all, the success of communist revolution in China made the communist victory in northern Viet Nam considerably less difficult than it would have been otherwise.

Since Lenin's example his theory and practice have contributed so much to the success of the Viet Minh, it is not surprising to find Ho Chi Minh joining in the chorus of praises which were sung in Russia in celebration of the 85th anniversary of his birth, which fell on the 22nd April last. In an article entitled "Leninism and the Freedom of Oppressed Humanity," published in "Pravda" of the 18th April last, the Viet Minh leader recalls how Lenin successfully combated the reformist tendencies and false interpretations of Marxism and how he gave communists a sense of direction and coherence, both in their thoughts and actions, by elaborating socialist theory in scientific terms. "Lenin enriched Communism, the great ideological armour of the proletariat," states Ho Chi Minh. "He raised it to the highest pinnacle by elaborating the theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat and by developing the Marxist theory in order to forge the essential unity between workers and the peasants. He also extended its scope so as to apply it to national and colonial questions and to secure the co-operation of the proletariat of various countries on an international plane. He organised and strengthened the parties of the proletariat in new ways, so that the unity of organisation may enable the working and enslaved people to carry on their struggle in an orderly manner. Above all Lenin perfected the theory of socialist revolution by making its victory possible first in one country."

In the subsequent passages he pays tribute to Lenin's theory and strategy of revolution by following which Asian revolutionaries have succeeded in achieving their aims. He dwells with particular emphasis on his remarks as early as 1913. Lenin drew attention to the unholy alliance between the "Commanders of Europe, the European bourgeoisie and all the reactionary, feudal powers in China." Yet he held out the hope that "young Asia," which contains millions of toilers, would join in the hopeful struggle for freedom with the proletariat of all the civilised countries. Without such essential unity, Lenin declared, neither the freedom of the peoples of Europe nor that of the peoples of Asia could be achieved. At the same time he was careful to distinguish between the social and economic conditions prevailing in Europe and those in the predominantly agricultural countries of Asia. He warned the communist theoreticians that, unlike Europe, revolutionary movements in Asia mainly comprising peasants must be directed against the remnants of a mediaeval feudal economic order. "This direction," observes Ho Chi Minh, "is of special value to countries like ours, where 90 per cent of the population consists of small peasants or landless labourers, held in their social state by a rotting feudal order dominated by the Mandarins." Such outmoded order was first destroyed, as Ho asserts, by the Communist revolution which sought inspiration from the "celebrated ideas of Lenin and led by the great sage Comrade Mao Tse Tung." The latter himself confessed: "The salvo of the great October Revolution brought Marxism-Leninism to China and freed 600 million human beings from the clutches of imperialism."

To the great satisfaction and joy of Ho such movements inspired by Lenin's ideas were not confined to China. The momentum spread further, penetrating deep among the masses, ultimately leading to the creation in "young Asia," of which Lenin spoke so hopefully, of the People's Republic of China, the Mongolian People's Republic, the North

Korean Democratic People's Republic and, most recently, the People's Republic of Viet Nam. After recounting the successes of communist revolutions conducted on Leninist lines, Ho ceases to be objective. He starts to extol the peace-loving policies of Soviet Russia, whose main aim is to translate Lenin's principles of international co-operation into practice. He easily forgets in one sweep how that country has deliberately maintained the tensions of Cold War and driven Western powers to rearmament by refusing to disarm herself and by adopting many other courses of action which could hardly be conducive to peace. Nor is Ho's argument that Soviet Russia has consistently followed the principles of Lenin's teachings which enjoin non-interference in the internal affairs of other states borne out by the manner in which Russia helped the minority communist parties in Eastern Europe to capture political power under the protection of the Red Army. As a further proof of Russia's policy directed to maintain world peace, Ho forcefully magnifies the part played by Soviet representatives at the Geneva Conference which ultimately led to the cease-fire in Indo-China. He does not mention the efforts of Sir Anthony Eden and the equal exertions of M. Mendès-France to bring about peace in Indo-China. He acknowledges that a certain number of French workers lent their moral support to the policy of ending the Indo-Chinese War, but he ignores the overwhelming sentiment for peace among the Western peoples. This repulsion against War was indeed an important factor which considerably strengthened the hands of Western representatives at Geneva.

Discussing his internal policies, the Viet Name leader declares that his party would continue its struggle to help their compatriots in Southern Viet Nam to achieve their freedom and thus to bring about the unification of the whole country. While pursuing this policy the Communist Party, Ho points out, is also trying most strenuously to reorganise agriculture and to raise the standards of living in the northern part which is under their control. He expresses every intention of adhering to the Geneva Agreement, and naturally brands American activities in the Southern Viet Nam as "Imperialistic and aggressive," conveniently forgetting that American anti-colonialism has created considerable differences between Washington and Paris. Naturally he is extremely uneasy about the SEATO and, together with other communist powers, styles this Pact aggressive. He considers American policies in Southern Viet Nam as leading to the destruction of the Geneva Agreement and aiming at keeping the "democratic power in check, so as to nullify the results of the general elections to be held in 1956, and by such means to ensure the domination of our country." He is, however, determined to carry on his struggle against such serious difficulties, seeking inspiration and "deriving strength from the teachings of Leninism, which aims at the achievement of the celebrated and sacred article, which is Peace, and which brings about unity, independence and democracy, thus ultimately leading to the victory of socialism." This article, though partial, and often couched in bitter extremist phrases, is nevertheless of considerable importance, since it affords us an opportunity to examine the views and policies of a communist leader who holds supreme power in a country which constitutes one of the most dangerous and explosive spots in the arena of international power politics. The firmness and determination displayed by Ho Chi

Minh and his party stand out in marked contrast to the confusion and near-anarchic conditions which are prevailing in the Southern Viet Nam. Unless the Western Allies succeed in infusing an equally strong faith and discipline into the masses of Southern Viet Nam, the chances of winning the elections to be held in 1956 are at best slight, and the consequent loss of Indo-China would be irreparable to the world strategy of the Western Alliance.

Z. H. ZOBERI.

AUTUMN REVERIE

*I would not admit even to my inmost self
That winter was come or even the autumn gone
Until one day I found beside a stone
The brittle web and skeleton of a leaf.

I saw it in the silver frostlight gleam,
Its intricate patterned mesh stirred by each puff
Of wind, this strangely fragile yet so tough
Ghost of lost spring, shred of a vanquished dream.*

JOHN BARRON MAYS.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE MEN OF VICHY

Why did the military defeat of France in 1940 produce the Vichy Government of Marshal Pétain? Were the men of Vichy traitors or patriots? What really happened in France between 1940 and 1944, and what light can it throw upon the general course of development of modern France? Materials for more definitive answers to these questions continue to appear in considerable quantities each year. Already of great bulk, they are still insufficient for a complete explanation. Though fully aware of this, Dr. Paul Farmer has had the courage to prepare at least a provisional account and interpretation. And he is right. It is easy to exaggerate the difficulties of attaining reasonable certainty in knowledge and judgment about recent events. From a combination of such sources as newspaper files, the abundant memoirs and diaries, reports of post-war trials, and an over-all knowledge of German behaviour during the war, the historian of shrewd judgment can perfectly well use his normal techniques to produce an explanation of the politics of Vichy which is likely to remain substantially unaltered for many years to come. This, in general, is what Dr. Farmer has done, and those who study modern French history will be grateful to him.

The chief impediment to a balanced assessment of Vichy has been not the special pleading of partisans, which is comparatively easy to discount, but the widespread and often unconscious acceptance of wartime stereotypes. Quislings and fifth-columnists, collaborationists and resisters, have ousted from attention the no less important attitudes of opportunism and *attentisme*, the narrow miscalculations and hand-to-mouth expedients, the subtler nuances of French politics which were if possible greater in defeat than in liberation. Dr. Farmer has correctly paid attention to these, though *attentisme* played an even larger part than he is inclined to allow. With studied detachment he examines the conflicts between the many different groups at Vichy and Paris, the series of dilemmas which confronted not only the men in power at Vichy but also the Germans themselves, and the drift of events which circumscribed and so often frustrated all that they did. Vichy was a shuttle-cock as often as it was a weather-cock, and the crucial problem of the role of Pierre Laval remains insoluble unless this fact is grasped.

It is a particular merit of the book that the author in no way shirks the difficult problem of interpreting the purposes and the role of Laval, and refuses to accept the glib view that he was merely a squalid and self-seeking traitor. Without Laval it is doubtful if the peculiar phenomenon of the Vichy Government would have existed at all. He it was who engineered the parliamentary surrender of authority to Pétain, and who then promoted the subtle double-game of pretended collaboration whose benefits had a strange habit of dissolving away just as the Germans expected to reap them. It is here, more than at any other point, that we still suffer a lack of complete information. But Dr. Farmer's explanation is convincing within the limitations of our knowledge, when he suggests that "Laval made his fatal mistake when, for the first time in his life, he tried to put his talent for chicane and corruption to what he thought was the service of his fellow Frenchmen."

The book is scholarly in method and purpose, though in presentation it could often be of crisper style and livelier expression. It contains a few errors of detail: the crisis of *seize mai* was in 1877 not in 1876, and in 1940 it was on May 10, not May 13, that Winston Churchill succeeded Chamberlain. But such flaws are few, and this is the best and fullest account of Vichy that has so far appeared.

DAVID THOMSON.

Vichy: Political Dilemma. By Paul Farmer. Columbia University Press: Oxford University Press. 30s.

THE NEW INDIA

In this small volume written in 1954 the late Lady Hartog produces a comprehensive sketch of Indian life and politics in the seven years that have elapsed since independence. Ten years spent in India thirty years ago, and a close association thereafter with the all-India Women's Conference had invested her with special qualifications for her study of the subject. She spent most of her time during her recent visit to India with Hindu women of the upper middle classes. She found them ready to express their views on politics and to criticise the prevailing Congress Government. Thanks mainly to members of the former Indian Civil Service the administration, she thought, was on the whole satisfactory, despite the interference with it of the political intelligentsia. The morale of the Services was, however, deteriorating, largely due to widespread corruption. "Unless Congress can stop corruption the Communists will get in next time. That's why Congress has such a bad name in the South," a young Madrasite told Lady Hartog. The Indian authorities still found it necessary to retain the Preventive Detention Act, so heavily criticised during the British regime. Congress leaders flattered themselves that the response of the people in the general elections in 1952 showed that democracy had struck root in India. Would the untouchables subscribe to this view? Dr. Ambedkar the outcaste leader does not; has the system given any real political influence to the forty million Muslims stranded in India? Pandit Nehru to his credit fights against communalism; he has not succeeded in preventing *shuddhi* (reconversion to Hinduism of Muslims and of outcaste Christians), nor in assuring decent treatment to these unfortunate people. Unemployment is a cancerous growth on middle class life which ambitious planning in the economic field has so far done little to mitigate. This is one of India's most difficult problems. It will not be solved by nationalisation, and ill-considered restrictions on foreign and domestic enterprise.

Lady Hartog's comments on social life are interesting. Western styles of living are spreading, especially in the upper middle classes, "who live in comfort beyond the reach of all but the very wealthy in England." She might have added that Pandit Nehru and Congress intend to make the opulent contribute heavily to the cost of economic development. Education limps unhappily along despite increased expenditure. What can you expect when, as Lady Hartog tells us, the monthly income of a Bombay sweeper (untouchable) is twice or more, than the salary of a secondary school teacher? The policy of introducing Hindi as the national language has a depressing effect on schools and universities especially in the South. The standard of English once so creditable is deteriorating. Discussing India and the Commonwealth Lady Hartog comments that the attitude of Indians towards the British was much more friendly than before independence. The generous help in the economic field given by Commonwealth countries under this Colombo plan should help this on. The suspicion of American imperialism was, Lady Hartog thought, making the Americans unpopular. U.S.A. military aid to Pakistan was especially resented.

Democracy is still on its trial in India. Its success depends on whether Pandit Nehru and his colleagues can convince 120 million non-Hindus that India is a secular State and will not fall under the domination of the high caste Hindu.

WILLIAM P. BARTON.

India—New Pattern. By Lady Hartog. George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

IS BRITAIN HOSTILE TO AMERICA?

It is interesting that Americans who come here to study British politics are almost always impressed if not influenced by left-wing thinking. The

Laskis and Coles are their idols. Then they return to their country to pursue their researches under enormous grants given by wealthy foundations that are supported by big business. Here is a case in point. Professor Epstein of the University of Wisconsin has tried "to analyse British responses to American foreign policy in the post-war years 1945-1952." Actually he has thoroughly analysed left-wing opinion but has made only fleeting and superficial observations of the right-wing of the Labour Party, the Conservatives, Liberals, and the confused middle. He is half-conscious of having done this, for he asserts that "hostility within the Labour Party to American leadership is the single most important factor in Britain's relationship with the United States." This belief, perhaps the main thesis of his book, is questionable, and hence weakens the whole structure of his work. Hostility towards American leadership has not existed solely or even mainly within the Labour Party but has pervaded the whole spectrum of British opinion, in differing forms, and sometimes for different reasons. Moreover it is not purely ideological, as Professor Epstein sometimes implies, but is closely linked with other factors, largely social and cultural, which have helped to determine anti-American attitudes since and before the last war.

He makes no reference to interest groups (or pressure groups as they are known in the U.S.) but devotes himself almost exclusively to the Press and Hansard. Yet there is no reference to the *Sunday Pictorial*, *Sunday Times*, *Financial Times*, the provincial press, and there are only four references to the *Daily Mirror*, two to the daily *Manchester Guardian*, and one to the *Daily Worker*. (But there are thirty-two references to *The New Statesman*.) Nor does he mention *The Contemporary Review*, *The Fortnightly*, *Punch*, or *The Political Quarterly*. Then he overlooks completely the post-war contributions to opinion of George Orwell, Arthur Henderson, Lord Pakenham, Arthur Horner, Sam Watson, Lord Beveridge, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Lord Layton, Clement Davies, Geoffrey de Freitas, the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Donald Soper, Arthur Webb (who contributed many articles on the U.S. to the *Daily Herald*), Hannen Swaffer, Cassandra, H. G. Nicholas, and many others. He ignores religious papers, trade papers, the House of Lords, and university debates—all valuable sources of opinions and attitudes.

Nevertheless there is a good deal of interesting analysis in this book. Professor Epstein has given the English feelings of pride and envy their proper place in helping to determine attitudes towards America, and he wisely stresses the importance of the British tradition of tolerance in politics as helping to create the differences between British and American positions towards Communism and the Soviet Union during the cold war. It is regrettable that he had to stop his work in 1952, for the reaction to Senator McCarthy's wranglings and Secretary Dulles' "agonizing reappraisals" in 1953 helped to harden opinions somewhat. It is only recently that this last and most violent period of hostility towards the U.S. has begun to die down.

This work will be of some value to future historians, provided they use it carefully. But it is difficult to recommend it to the British today. For it is written for an American audience and hence contains many explanations the educated Englishman already knows, and the reader who could really learn something will find it hard to wade through the stilted academic style.

RALPH E. LOMBARDI.

Britain—Uneasy Ally. By Leon D. Epstein. University of Chicago Press: Cambridge University Press. 30s.

MACKENZIE'S REBELLION

This is an exciting account of one of the great events in Canadian history, the Rebellion of 1837, led by William Lyon Mackenzie, the maternal grand-

father of Mackenzie King. It is written "very much in the form of a novel" in a style reminiscent of Thackeray and enlivened by a sparkling wit—as when the ringing of the alarm bell is stopped by a master of Upper Canada College, whose staff "was almost exclusively Cambridge and prided itself upon cool-headed logic." The author, whose industry and research deserve high praise, thinks that two men might be held jointly responsible for the rising—Sir Francis Bond Head, the Lieutenant-Governor, who helped to provoke it and "General" Mackenzie, the chosen leader of the insurgents. Her breezy treatment of "Gallop" Head, based on a careful study of that gentleman's writings, is the most entertaining feature of the book. Whenever he appears, he is a roaring success of characterization, from his first appointment due, she suggests, to a muddle of names on the part of Downing Street right up to the time when *Punch* dubbed him "Sir Francis Wronghead." "He galloped to the last, riding to hounds until he was turned seventy-five; and died at the age of eighty-two, having continuously claimed to have 'saved Canada'."

It seems to me however, that the author's second hero, William Lyon Mackenzie is underestimated. She dwells on his diminutive stature and quick temper, and inclines to the Tory view that he should have been hanged. I think she exaggerates his "craziness." It is no uncommon thing for public men to be regarded as crazy by political opponents or soldiers in the line of battle. Miss Bellasis gives us a picture of a sort of spiteful hobgoblin orating on tree-stumps by moonlight, a naughty pirate on his island in the Niagara River. She hardly suggests that the shrill voice was, at times, the voice of Canada. It is not until the last few pages, and then somewhat grudgingly, that she attempts an estimate of Mackenzie's great qualities. She does not explain why so many God-fearing men were willing to risk their lives at his bidding or why his starving family sustained and admired him throughout the period of exile (and jail) in the United States. Nor does the contemporary comparison of this bone-bred Calvinist with O'Connell seem worth repeating.

Like Wilkes, Mackenzie was a militant journalist and, like him, was several times denied, by an autocratic government, a seat to which he had been duly elected. Like Winston Churchill, he had the ability, and the luck, to express the aspirations of his fellow-countrymen at a decisive hour in their affairs. Like Cromwell, he fought the battle for responsible government. He may have been a less successful general—he was campaigning against the Ontario winter with an unprovisioned citizen army—but, as Miss Bellasis reminds us, his agitation succeeded after his rebellion had failed. Mackenzie's ideas, which Head had tried to suppress with bullets, were implemented through the imaginative statesmanship of Lord Durham.

Although I know Toronto, I found difficulty in following the events of the rebellion without the aid of a map of the city and its environs. Similarly, a map of the toe of Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence would have been useful in following the events of the "Monkey War."

LESLIE BISHOP.

"*Rise, Canadians!*" By M. Bellasis. Hollis & Carter. 21s.

UNIONS AND MONEY

Years ago a young writer—was it Gorki?—wrote how, as a child, he encountered a real working man in the flesh and how he was struck by the difference between this living reality and the abstract "workers" about whom he had heard the grown-ups talking. The contrast still exists. "The workers" in this country, all the 20,000,000 of them, are praised or blamed, idolised or lectured collectively for this and that, and often too little thought is given to the individual man and his leaders. Mr. Craik, obviously a writer with a fine

capacity for hero worship, has done something to make good this want so far as one labour leader, Mr. Bryn Roberts, of the National Union of Public Employees, is concerned. It is an instructive performance.

According to Plato the mind can be dominated by reason, or will, or emotion. If Mr. Craik is correct, we have in Mr. Roberts a splendid example of the dominance of the third principle. It would perhaps be unfair to put this down as an occupational affection. In his case it is probably racial—presumably Mr. Roberts, who comes from Wales, is a Celt—and one cannot help being reminded of the lyric elements in Mr. Doolittle, the dustman in *Pygmalion* who was half Welsh, we are told. Mr. Roberts' letter to Mr. Herbert Morrison on a "cruel and barbarous system" should have melted a heart of stone—the system of paying county roadmen by cheque. A nuisance in some ways, yes. But "cruel and barbarous"! Well, well.

With this emotionalism goes a high nervous tension. This applies strongly to human relationships. Mr. Roberts, or at any rate his chronicler, is a good hater. Arthur Deakin—as sensible a trade union leader, one would have thought, as ever mounted a rostrum—is described, for instance, as guilty of "one-sided mechanical thinking." But he is not the real villain of the piece; that part is reserved for the two great "General" unions. Now it has often been argued that these two unions are unwieldy, over-centralised, out of touch with the remoter rank and file. Still, they have a place in the scheme of things. There is a lot to be said for Mr. Roberts' own specialty—a simpler trade union structure with less overlapping. One can understand that he should differ from people like Deakin and Tewson; but one cannot help feeling rather dismayed at the anger which seems to be reflected in the attitude of Mr. Roberts towards some of his rivals—though this may be due to Mr. Craik's way of putting things. At any rate, after reading the book, one feels that one is beginning to understand the extraordinary vehemence of the National Association of Stevedores and Dockers in their recent dispute with the Transport and General Workers' Union. Anyone wanting to know what makes some of the unions tick in the way they do should get a good deal of enlightenment from this work.

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between Mr. Craik's method of treatment and Mr. Hawtrey's. In one case we are told about the individual, emotional (even in his attachment to "scientific methods"), idealistic and at the same time strictly practical over money questions; and we are spared few *clichés* in the telling. In the other, the individual hardly seems to count, economic forces are the operative element, and the manner is dry without concession. In Mr. Hawtrey's view the continued upward trend of wages is the outcome of an inflationary process and this process in turn is the outcome of the devaluation of sterling in 1949. The point is worth making. Too often it is said uncritically that an increase in wages is inflationary because that amount of money is added to the circulating medium. Is this correct? Surely any company paying a higher wage bill has so much less money to spend for other purposes. One does not see how the total amount of money in circulation is increased. It is true that a shift in the distribution of money probably takes place from the pockets, to put it roughly, of the saving classes to those of the spending classes. To this extent the velocity of circulation is increased and this of course does tend to raise prices. But it would be surprising to find that this effect was as big as would have been that of the creation of a fresh volume of currency equivalent to the increase in wages in any given instance.

It is salutary to be reminded that, questions of scarcity or plenty apart, prices depend on money. This includes the price of labour, and the responsibility lies with the Government, which have the monopoly of creating money, and with the banks, which have the monopoly, more or less, of creating credit. The responsibility of labour lies, not in causing a rise in prices, but in inducing

a shift in production from capital to consumption goods. W. H. JOHNSTON.

Bryn Roberts and the National Union of Public Employees. By W. W. Craik. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

Cross Purposes in Wage Policy. By R. G. Hawtrey. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

JAMES MAXTON

This is a book which all who knew Maxton, and all students of contemporary British politics, will desire to possess. In some quarters it has been said that he was "a failure." If the standard be that of the administrator and potential Minister, it can be admitted. He never attempted, in his years in the House, to become such. He was, on the contrary, the agitator, the prophet, above all the "personality." And, as such, any competent judge will admit that his influence was immense. When Maxton died a light went out, still unreplaced, in the British Labour movement. About Maxton the man, his charm, the affection with which we all regarded him, there can be little disagreement. And Mr. McNair talks to us in the well-remembered, authentic language of those days, all genuine British homespun, with occasional brilliant colours of a Clydeside tartan in it. But, when we begin reluctantly in cold blood to assess the politics for which "the real comrade" and the I.L.P. stood then the rub comes. Whenever in doubt the comrades, we know, would get together and sing "The People's Flag is deepest red." But this was an emotion, not a policy and still less a philosophy. They waged the class war without malice and hate, and some thought it would be waged more efficiently with both. Nor does talk of "terrific feeling," and "tremendous blows," help. The "I.L.Pers" were romantic actionists, more Jacobites than Jacobins, who, like most such from the Quixotes of Polish nationalism to the unhappy P.O.U.M. in Spain, went down in slaughter—in their case merely of the ballot box.

Two crucial cases of policy can be chosen. Maxton with "Emperor Cook," the miners' leader, opposed on doctrinal grounds the Mond-Turner conversations. Is not one reason for the better industrial relations in America, after appalling beginnings, that America took the other course? And would not this course have increased the productivity and prosperity of Britain and have enlarged, more than Maxton's line, the happiness of its workers? It would be interesting to have, on this, the comments of his colleague, John McGovern, now a leader in M.R.A. Again, one testing moment in recent history, when Maxton declared himself, was that of Munich. Here, typically, the I.L.P. splintered and atomized. But, whereas Fenner Brockway talked unhelpful and escapist *clichés* about "Socialist Peace" in a fashion without relevance to the situation, except as actually meaning war (and thus he too spiritually counts with those who assassinated Jaurès) Maxton chose to come out downrightly, on the Jaurès front; to choose unpopularity for the sake of consistency or integrity; and to say that objectively he supported Chamberlain. The issue between Winston Churchill and Hitler was, he held in the tradition of Jaurès, not between good and evil but between British imperialism and German imperialism; and a negotiated peace was the lesser evil. It was a point of view consistent with Maxton's own earlier stand and that of Jean Jaurès. The workers must not shoot each other. Was Maxton right? Has Winston Churchill's policy and F.D.R.'s brought a monster into the world, so powerful that nobody can any longer clip its claws or resist its shaping things to come as it chooses? I think Maxton was wrong. But let us admit that the alternative is willingness to fight, at need, in Anglo-American union once more against almost suicidal odds; and that the price of liberty is not just vigilance but, as Pericles said, courage. Maxton may have been wrong, like Lansbury, with his desire for talks at the summit which David Low lampooned; but he was not foolish. It was Sir Robert Ensor, on the contrary, who said that "Germany is

a living tiger, but Russia a stuffed bear with its teeth falling out." Better a Munich of liberty soon than late. But better still, no Munich at all.

GEORGE CATLIN.

THE FEET OF GOD

"Ancilla" is by profession a lecturer in a women's college. Immensely energetic and vital, she has always obviously revelled in her work, yet never been exclusively immersed in it; she has read widely and travelled extensively in Europe; one suspects that her pupils have been very fortunate in their teacher; certainly there hangs around her no suspicion of the tense, earnest and frustrated "schoolmarm." In *The Following Feet* she has written a quite exceptionally vivid and interesting account of a long and arduous spiritual pilgrimage. She started from what may be fairly regarded as scratch for many in her vocation and calling, not as an utter indifferentist in religion, but as one to whom it seemed irrelevant; mere conformity made no appeal to her, and she was "a Humanist, agnostic rather than atheist, keeping in the deepest recesses an altar to the Unknown God though not in the least desirous to know more of Him." The Unknown God, however, had other views, and this little book is the fascinating account of how He gave her no peace until she had got to know Him for what He really is: Love. *The Following Feet* did not cease to follow until she had got there; it took thirteen years.

It all began with a quite unexpected and, for one of her kind, apparently most unlikely mystical experience in a chapel in Nuremberg during a holiday. Of necessity, such an experience is uneasy to convey to others; some have called it Encounter with God; to her it took the form of a realisation that all the activities and contacts of life are but the outward tokens of an underlying reality, and that she must seek it through them and find whatever that reality might prove to be, and at whatever cost. First, she had to "strip" herself and see herself as she really was, for only the real can seek reality; then she found that reality lay in Christ's attitude to life and people, though not till she had accepted the Incarnation, an idea she had hitherto found no less than repulsive; then, that Obedience, a sort of faithful but rather aloof Imitation, was not enough; she must find active, positive love, such as was in Him. This could only mean real fellowship with others, and the book ends with what might well seem bathos in another context, but certainly not in this one: a very "ordinary" preparation for Confirmation and Communion, and the fulfilment of love in a fellowship of very "ordinary" Anglicans. This is an exceptional piece of writing, completely honest intellectually and quite devoid of affectation or emotionalism; although it is all about her own self, "Ancilla" is never for one moment ego-centric. She has much to tell to Christians and Humanists alike.

New Concepts of Healing is a careful study of the realities implied in the spiritual aspects of healing, and shows these to be very different from what is all too often believed of and wrongly termed "spiritual healing." The writer insists that "spiritual healing" is not a thing on its own or a substitute for medical treatment, and still less (though too often so regarded) a kind of magic; it is one essential element in healing, the others being physical and psychological; it cannot truly function on its own any more than can the other parts; there is imperative need that doctor, psychiatrist and priest should consult and work together far more closely than is at present the case. For this unhappy division he fairly and squarely lays an ample share of blame on the clergy, to whom this book is principally though not exclusively addressed, and he goes right down to common misconceptions of the whole attitude of many Christians to life and to sickness and suffering in it, in order to bring out what is wrong and still lacking in the spiritual approach to healing in particular. He searches the Scriptures

for guidance, gives many illustrations from experience and lays great stress on one immensely important aspect of the whole matter, the prevention of sickness. The ultimate aim of the priest is the same as that of a doctor: to be unemployed as a healer because he has dealt faithfully and constructively with things before they could go wrong. This is a book which deserves and demands close reading; it well earns its warm commendation from the present Bishop of Lincoln who has devoted long years of work and study to its subject.

The Bridges of God is neither an approach to Christianity, which it takes as accepted by the reader, nor a study of any particular aspect within it; it is wholly extroverted onto the problem of communications—how to “get it across.” This it regards as of special urgency at this juncture when “if the world is to be unified it will be so on one of two bases: universal materialism, or the Christian faith.” Whether this be wholly accepted or not, the fact remains that 150 years of intensive missionary effort have resulted in the conversion of about two per cent in India and an even lesser proportion in the Moslem world (though the case is different in Africa). New methods are needed. Instead of taking one individual out of his whole family, religious and social context, the aim should be to bring in the whole context—family, group, or tribe—and if this People’s Movement, as the author calls it, might seem at first rather superficial, consolidation would follow in which far more effective and economical use could be made of missionary manpower and resources. Among the precedents quoted are the Pauline churches. The reader may disagree at various points and query some others, but to provoke such stirring is one of the objects of this very readable little book.

JOHN HALET.

The Following Feet. By Ancilla. Longmans, Green. 8s. 6d.

New Concepts of Healing. By A. Graham Ikin. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

The Bridges of God. By D. A. McGavran. World Dominion Press. 7s. 6d.

WALT WHITMAN

Precisely one hundred years ago Walt Whitman’s slim book of verse, *Leaves of Grass*, germinal, enigmatic, revolutionary as the staff of life itself, was first published. For its understanding today the critic turns to the life of its author, but so strange and so obscure is the figure presented by his biographers that the man himself has been in danger of becoming an American myth. From such a fate Professor Allen of New York University has rescued the poet. In the Preface to this book he says that he has attempted to trace “the physical life of the man, the growth of his mind and the development of his art out of his physical and mental experience.” In this aim he has succeeded quite remarkably. Let no-one imagine this book to be an ephemeral publication compiled for the centenary. On the contrary it is the product of twenty-five years of research into the sources of Whitman’s work and ideas, carefully and honestly set down by a scholar for the use of scholars who will be for ever indebted to the admirable notes, genealogical tables and full index.

Professor Allen states that it has been his purpose to be “strictly impartial, believing that truth . . . leads to understanding, and ultimately to appreciation.” That sentence hints at the strength and weakness of the book. It is as if the writer said: “Here are the facts accurately stated. Make up your own minds about the figure they reveal.” The facts are all given, always with clarity, often with charm. Vivid glimpses of Brooklyn and New York before the Civil War enliven the earlier chapters; later we see that war, robbed of all romance, through the eyes of a family whose sons are involved in it. Most valuable of all is the picture of this family. The mother is perhaps the most alive person in the book, dwarfing Walt himself in the vitality of her illiterate letters. But it is against this background of poverty, madness, ill-health that the poet’s humanity, compassion and massive strength are revealed, his tenderness being seen more

especially in the section on his hospital work.

In the mass of detail concerning Whitman's daily life, his food, his companionships, his journeyings, his relations with people and papers outside the U.S.A.—relations with *The Fortnightly* and with *The Contemporary Reviews* for instance—it would seem impossible for any biographer to present clearly a living figure. Dr. Allen succeeds by his adherence to a simple scheme of eleven long chapters each tending to present some new facet of Whitman's development, until by the time we come to the slow but moving end we are convinced of the poet's greatness as a man. As a poet? No. Herein lies the weakness of the method. The author sets out to show the emergence of Walt Whitman the poet of *Leaves of Grass*. In so far as Whitman's verse is philosophic, mystical, original, the poetry of democracy and of compassion, the Professor succeeds admirably but that Whitman was in fact the poet who wrote the great elegy on Abraham Lincoln is not clear. The facts are given but the reader is left to assess them, to find out for himself that Whitman was more than a great American, that he was in fact, and primarily, a poet. A companion volume of the poems fully annotated by Dr. Allen is perhaps necessary. In so far as it carries out its more limited aim this book is a very fine accomplishment. No-one interested in the social history of the U.S.A. in the second half of the nineteenth century, no student of the work of Walt Whitman, and no-one to whom the stirring of the waters of great literature is of importance, can afford to miss it.

GRACE A. WOOD.

The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman. By Gay Wilson Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York. 42s.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLUES

Robert Speaight's book includes some lectures in French at Laval University, Quebec, now re-written in English with extensions and revisions, and it comprises, with an Introduction, studies of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Tempest*. The link between them is Shakespeare's interpretation of the word 'nature' which is found strewn up and down the plays, and which is the clue that Mr. Speaight follows. He explains that by 'nature' he means everything that is *given* to man whether it be a tendency of the moral personality, or that knowledge which we acquire from our study of the elements or from the normal customs of society. But he admits that "even if I started out with the idea of 'nature' I ended up by something like a general consideration of the plays; and this consideration could not exclude their performance."

For myself this "general consideration," this subtle analysis of each of the chosen plays from start to finish, has been the special attraction of the volume. With his rare combination of scholarly critic and professional man of the theatre he is able to throw fresh sidelights upon familiar words and episodes, sometimes almost paradoxically. In the first sentence of the opening essay he declares, in contrast with a proverbial saying: "There is one thing in *Hamlet* more important than the Prince of Denmark—and that is Denmark." So he deals with those who surround the Prince, especially the family of Polonius. The lectures of Laertes to his sister and of Polonius to his son are given more justification than usual, and Ophelia is not the injured innocent that is so often portrayed: "Neither Laertes nor Polonius gets past her guard." Another theatrical convention against which Mr. Speaight warns is representing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as "effeminate butterflies," instead of the type of courtiers who are silver-sticks in waiting. Claudius is a competent ruler: "We never see him drunk, or angry, or lecherous," but by his usurpation he has perverted the paternal role of a Renaissance sovereign to his people. Thus when Hamlet at last kills him and himself dies, "a whole society dies with him, a society that he has been powerless to cure, and Fortinbras will succeed where

Hamlet has failed." Mr. Speaight's final verdict is that *Hamlet* is not the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, but "for modern man it is the most essential and the most exciting."

In the study of *Macbeth* again the most novel feature is concerned not with personal but with national issues. After Macduff has fled to England it

becomes the kingdom of grace in contrast to Scotland which the crimes of Macbeth have transformed into the kingdom of sin. The two countries compose a dramatic diptych, where sin and grace are seen in opposition; and the possibility of salvation derives directly from the piety of the English king . . . What is important is to see the four kings in the play: Duncan, the innocent victim; Macbeth, the guilty usurper; Edward, the saint who furnishes the means of political salvation; and Malcolm, the conqueror and legitimate heir. It is by the grace of God that he will ascend the throne and restore social order. No ending in Shakespeare is more profoundly theological than this one.

Othello is for Mr. Speaight the most carefully constructed of Shakespeare's tragedies, and fulfils any classical definition of a well-made play. It is in the main an indoor play: "Its stage is a man's hearth and its subject a man's soul." Thus its concern is with individual personalities—especially Othello, Desdemona and Iago. In his detailed survey Mr. Speaight makes two very tentative suggestions, that "a certain sensual precocity" may have been part of Desdemona's nature, and this made Othello's jealousy "a shade less grossly implacable"; and that after the consummation of their marriage the Moor never regarded Desdemona in the same way as before. He then becomes the victim of Iago, whose malignity is not so motiveless as Coleridge thought, but whose motives are hidden from his own eyes.

King Lear reverts to tragedy on an even wider scale than *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. It is cosmic in its range, combining the elemental storms of human passions and mundane upheavals. Hence some critics have contended that Shakespeare here has not kept full control of his materials, but Mr. Speaight does not agree, and readers will be persuaded by his masterly analysis. And incidentally he emphasizes the dramatist's perfect adaptation of his verse to its theme, as in the evocation of the storm—such an orchestration of vowels and consonants, such a counterpoint of polysyllable and monosyllable, as only Shakespeare's instruments at the service of his inspiration has ever wrested from the English language.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, on the other hand, there is no clear line of dramatic development, and the scene shifts between Italy, Egypt and Athens. Probably on this account the study of it is, as a whole, rather less impressive than its companions. But the combination in this wonderful play of tragedy and comedy, of supreme poetic imagery and military slang, is emphasized, and also the choric function of the professional soldier Enobarbus, till his pathetic desertion of his commander. Above all we are shown how Shakespeare's infallible creative instinct got over the difficulty of Cleopatra being played by a boy by putting so much of the impress of her complex personality into the mouths of those around her.

Strictly speaking in a volume on "Shakespearian tragedy" *The Tempest* has not a place, and in it, as Mr. Speaight declares, Shakespeare is trying to do a new thing, moving away from drama in the direction of masque. To the problems which it presents, partly suggested by Dr. Dover Wilson, I will leave the many readers whom this volume will assuredly find.

If I deal briefly with Miss Parker's book, whose title is taken from "thought's the slave of life" in *King Henry IV*, it is from no disrespect to an earnest and suggestive study. But the very fact that Miss Parker covers the plays from the early comedies and histories, with *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, through the problem plays and tragedies, to the final group, makes it difficult to summarise her argument. As 'nature' formed the clue for Mr. Speaight so 'justice' does for Miss Parker, and she devotes a chapter to tracing the idea of justice in the orthodox tradition from its Greek and Hebraic conceptions, through the

schoolmen, to Luther and Calvin, and Hooker and Raleigh. But, according to her, justice for Shakespeare was the fruit of a Christian metaphysic. Even in the early plays "Shakespeare seems to be saying: 'Here is life, let us see what we can make of it if we look at it through Christian eyes.'"

But in her exploration of the later plays, with their successive problems of what she terms "Corruption and Salvation, Corruption and Damnation, Shadow and Substance," Miss Parker's interpretation is not merely Christian but Catholic, and her quotations from the dramas have their most frequent parallel in her footnotes from the *Summa Theologie* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Though she warns us and herself against accepting as Shakespeare's own views the declarations of his characters, such as Gloucester's in *King Lear*

As flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods,

They kill us for their sport,

she seeks to penetrate to his own personal belief. Hence in an appendix she concludes that "it would appear that Shakespeare was indeed a Papist in sympathy and doctrine, but whether he was a recusant or not we shall probably never know for certain." So the debate is still far from closed. F. S. BOAS.

Nature in Shakespearean Tragedy. By Robert Speaight. Hollis & Carter. 15s.

The Slave of Life: A Study of Shakespeare and the Idea of Justice. By M. D. H. Parker. Chatto & Windus. 18s.

MARK RUTHERFORD

The relation of Mark Rutherford's Autobiographies to William Hale White is not unlike that of the Essays of Elia to Charles Lamb. The personality of the living man is there, in his thoughts and outlook; the general condition and status are reflected; and the events are set free to be roughly followed, suppressed, or disguised by inventive fiction. For an introspective spirit it is one of the most satisfying forms of literary composition, and while its progress is conducted with art and artifice it appeals to the reader by its wholesome aspect of simplicity and truth. Both writers had dark and appalling circumstances to contend with; Lamb's being largely imposed from without could more readily be dodged by the plunge into literature. Hale White carried his terrors—the Enemy was the term he came to use—deep in his own soul; the books portrayed the suffering and, with the novels that followed them, showed a path towards spiritual healing. All his long life he was searching for, preaching, and sometimes almost grasping a firm faith based on love, beauty and salvation. At the end he was to write: "The time is yet to come when we shall live by a faith which is a harmony of all our faculties." His closest spiritual analogy is not with Lamb but with John Bunyan, like himself a Bedford man and a Nonconformist.

The core of White was in Mark Rutherford, but, as with Lamb and Elia, a vast deal more of busy working and writing was in White himself whose days were spent as a clerk at the Admiralty, with extra hours at regular, anonymous journalism of a political nature. He was fifty before Mark Rutherford came on the scene. Journals and reminiscences tell something of his early and late years; but Dr. Maclean's biography, skilfully interweaving many unpublished documents, gives for the first time the complete and balanced picture, embodying the whole personality and making clear how this grows out of and remains attached to Mark's creator. Hale's early influences, besides Bunyan and Wordsworth, were the preachers Binney and Caleb Morris; but he was more than fortunate in his father William White whose post as Doorkeeper to the House of Commons was as helpful to his son's weekly journalism as his sympathy and understanding were a comfort in Hale's spiritual crises. Between these two there existed a harmony that defied the gap of generations. Of Hale White himself it can be said that he lived in and for love of his fellow beings, giving and attracting friendship. He was one of the few men whom Carlyle could stomach. An early contact with George Eliot impressed both of them. With

his first wife Harriet Arthur he remained in mutual attachment throughout her thirty years of hopeless crippling disease. And at the end of his life he found, what Ruskin so tragically missed, the deep and spiritual love of a young woman whose greatest joy was to be his wife and comforter over the last years.

The biographer and interpreter of such a man requires this special sympathy. With Dr. Maclean the only doubt is whether she has not been too strongly infected. Far from falling short in appreciation she labours and repeats a point occasionally; and although she is too fine a scholar to indulge hyperbole, her description of Mark Rutherford's writings is written from within their circle of influence and evades comparative criticism. But, as she justly remarks:

To claim for these books that they belong not only to the literature of power but to the literature of consolation is to claim for them that they are numbered less amongst the world's great novels than amongst the classics of the literature of religion. Each of them is primarily a spiritual biography.

They are not always well constructed. Dr. Maclean notes that to Mark Rutherford the 'What' and the 'Way' were indivisible. Yet the 'What' does sometimes overwhelm the 'Way,' as it must when a spiritual message is being preached. In 1911 White foresaw a world disaster; now that we are well and truly atomized it is profitable to look again at the creed of a man who fought devils even in the green leaf. This persuasive study comes at a not untimely hour.

SYLVA NORMAN.

Mark Rutherford: a Biography of William Hale White. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. Macdonald, 25s.

LAW FOR THE LAYMAN

Two valuable additions have been made recently to the law section of Hutchinson's University Library which provide for the layman a concise exposition of particular fields of English law. The general editorship by Professor E. C. S. Wade alone guarantees their worth, and they are written by legal experts with a minimum of technical language. There is a great need for a more widespread appreciation of the basic characteristics of our legal system, and here in each volume the persevering reader can obtain highly beneficial and instructive general analysis. In addition he may be assisted to grasp some legal difficulty of his own, but they are quite inadequate to provide a full answer to his problem. For that they are not intended, and he must go to a practitioner's text book or, preferably, consult a lawyer.

To the layman, the title of *Private International Law* may be misleading, for the subject is purely one of municipal law. Mr. J. A. C. Thomas here deals with a branch of the English system which determines questions of jurisdiction and the application by the English Courts of English or foreign law to cases not wholly connected with this country. It is a complex and fascinating subject extending throughout the field of legal relations, and still developing. As such it provides particular scope for the learning and influence of the academic lawyer. In this volume—Mr. Thomas having to be content with a brief summary—there are inevitably omissions and all the risks of generalization. For example, in discussing the statutory right of a wife to bring divorce proceedings on the basis of residence in place of domicile, the author writes "in short, three years ordinary residence in England is as good a ground of English jurisdiction as an English domicile." This residence qualification however, does not apply where the husband is domiciled in Scotland or Northern Ireland; and cases of great hardship have been caused by this omission from the statutory provision.

In the volume on *The Law of Civil Injuries*, Mr. Hamish R. Gray has covered in a short compass the enormous field of tortious liability including personal injuries, damage to property and defamation. He provides a valuable survey which the layman can readily absorb. Both books are equipped with

tables of cases, short bibliographies and notes. The last, however, are exasperating to the enquiring reader who has to search for them at the end of each chapter.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

Private International Law. By J. A. C. Thomas.

The Law of Civil Injuries. By Hamish R. Gray.

Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d. each.

FROM LAW COURTS TO COWSHED

Mr. David Ensor, barrister and farmer, is among the fortunate men who can pass from one undertaking to another with complete assurance. A highly successful career at the Bar was checked by illness; he turned to the land and approached it by the hard road. Happily his family had been associated with agriculture for many generations and a certain flair for handling stock was only waiting to be exercised. So it happened that a year after milking a cow for the first time, he found himself in charge of "one of the finest and certainly the most expensive pedigree herds in the country." Behind the inherited gift was a capacity for the hardest of hard work, for tireless endeavour and supreme self-confidence. One feels that he would have responded to a call to edit *The Times* or command the Channel fleet.

He records many successes and, no respecter of persons, he is prepared to teach long-established farmers their business, but though it is possible to be too assertive, the fact remains that first-class brains and adaptable hands can reduce the theory and practice of farming to manageable dimensions. He did very well in the dairy before turning from milk to beef and learned to handle bulls as well as calves. It is impossible to overlook the claims of heredity or to avoid the thought that the illness that sent him from the Bar to the byre was fortunate. Agriculture can always absorb and reward men who bring real gifts to its service, and those of us who have dabbled in farming will appreciate the quality of Mr. Ensor's efforts.

There is a hard business quality about his life that the times appear to call for: domesticated animals were sent to us to provide profit and wild life to provide sport—it may be that we should expand this limited outlook, but hardly while we substitute the comforting slogan "Business is Business" for the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes. "We just do not have pets among the farm animals" this successful farmer tells us—what a lot he misses, but where ignorance is bliss there's no occasion to be wise. Practical men agree that all the life we control, whether wild or domesticated was sent to us to be exploited for sport or profit. The few of us who decline to admit this are cranks, humanitarians, sentimentalists.

But before we venture to criticise Mr. Ensor's views let us remember that he brought the annual milk yield of certain cows from 400 to 1,000 gallons, justifying to the full his claim that "he has an eye for a beast." Is it to be wondered if he writes with a certain complacency, as one who has taken all agriculture to be his province, or one of his provinces? We realise as we follow the story that in spite of success at the Bar his *métier* was farming and that he will follow it to the advantage of the land. But should further editions of *Thirty Acres and a Cow* be called for, a few suggestions may be put forward with respect. In the first place full page photographs of the author and his plucky wife might be reduced by half without loss to the reader. Secondly a strong astringent "I" lotion might be applied freely; there are few pages that would not benefit by the application. He is taking to letters as a sideline but his prose is hardly mellifluous, and, it may be suggested, still with respect, that his own particular cosmos carries too much ego. Good luck to Mr. Ensor who is so quick to recognise a good cow, or a good man, at first sight. S. L. BENSUSAN.

Thirty Acres and a Cow. By David Ensor. Robert Hale. 15s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Obscurity and the cliché, unkindness and sentimentality, the un-rhythmic and the purple, irrelevance and prejudice, the facetious and the inflated, are always ready to pounce into the unwary paragraph. And almost as damaging and quite as dull is the over-conscientiousness that cannot let well alone.

Persuasive prose

A book proposing itself irresistibly as a refresher course for the preparation of these three pages is *STYLE* (Cassell, 18s.) by F. L. Lucas. His title means, not abhorrence of split infinitives nor infallibility in the difference between 'that' and 'which' but the way "a human being gains contact with others"; technique is a useful trick of the trade, not fundamental as is personality embodied in words. Good manners are part of character, and trying to be lucid is part of good manners; brevity, variety, urbanity and simplicity are also courtesies due to readers. As guide and corrective this book is doubly valued for its specimen passages that make an anthology of good and bad; it ranges wide as the reading of Dr. Lucas and is as lively as the mind and heart that are the bases of his own style. The twinkle in his eye is reflected in the wise counsel on gaiety, humour, sense, sincerity, vitality, simile, metaphor and the harmony of prose. The chapter "Methods of Writing" has some unfamiliar examples of the habits and sufferings of authors, thus pandering to a gloating curiosity while imparting sound advice on work and the use of nervous energy.

Enduring journalism

One whose brief life knew all the pains and tentativeness of composition, and died before she could be sure how supremely they were justified in *South Riding*, has become the object of a serious bibliography, compiled and edited by Geoffrey Handley-Taylor. This Memorial Fund volume WINIFRED HOLTBY (A. Brown &

Sons, 32 Brooke Street, London, E.C.1, £1 1s. or \$3 U.S.A.), published twenty years after her death, lists her books and pamphlets and a hundred-odd subjects on which she wrote for periodicals; short stories and her many book reviews (gratefully remembered) are perforce unnoted. Allusions to her and the location of her publicly housed manuscripts are duly recorded. The illustrations, including one of the cutting of the Rudston Parish Church mural tablet, and the "Letters to Nuddie" governess of the seven-year-old Winifred, add warmth to the dryly factual. The section "Publications wholly relating to Winifred Holtby" naturally begins with *Testament of Friendship* whose author, Vera Brittain, stresses in the Foreword the still advancing reputation of the competent, lively and attractive journalist who developed from the gay and brilliant child on a Yorkshire farm.

Versatility

The Worcestershire doctor's son, whose ashes were interred within its cathedral last year, had long found success in such novels as *Portrait of Clare*, *My Brother Jonathan* and *Dr. Bradley Remembers*. Francis Brett Young, himself a physician with music as his first and lifelong passion, was also a regular contributor to *Georgian Poetry* (there are seven of his pieces in the 1918-1919 volume on the shelf). With the coming of the second war he began his epic of English history, and the new edition of *THE ISLAND* (Wm. Heinemann, 25s.) has a tribute to the man and his achievement by Professor Humphrey Humphreys. These 450 pages of poetry are a remarkable test of endurance in failing health; the work is dotted with peaks, notably the luxuriant imagery and singing qualities of the 'Interludes,' and rarely falls to the banal. If the episodes are sometimes ingloriously pruned, this is the fault rather of the medium; it has to contain both the tragic song of the dead men on Bredon, "where an

earthen rampart is ledged like a peregrine's nest" in A.D. 55, and William Perkin "in the Royal College of Science shuffling the coal-tar molecules" and finding "an aniline dye, faint-flushed" mauve.

Popery

That the Roman Catholic Church "throughout the centuries has proved to be the mother of science and progress" is the assertion of the Pope himself in *THE MIND OF PIUS XII* (W. Foulsham, 18s.): "Thoughts, Writings and Messages on Religious and Secular Subjects" selected by Robert C. Pollock. He prefaces the sixteen sections, entitled "The Complete Man," "Science," "Modern Education" and so on, with commendatory paragraphs that are monotonously eulogistic. It would be unreasonable in non-Catholics to object to these exercises in idolatry—which nevertheless cause a strong sales resistance to what follows. All the more surprising then, that there is so little with which to disagree, for example, in the "Democracy" pages; and, if the BBC has not used the Pope's argument that "television contributes efficaciously to re-establish the balance (of modern domestic life) by providing the whole family with an opportunity for honest diversion together," commercial interests surely will. A Protestant with an ingrained dislike of the Church's influence, inadvertently received the papal blessing in the square of St. Peter's in the Holy Year of 1950 and was not dismayed; nor is she now by these dicta which could only come from the heart of a good and great man.

Shamrock

And what of the countries where the Pope has spiritual sway, with their glories and barefoot poverty, stateliness and superstition, treasures and illiteracy, nobility and shabbiness? Nearest home is Ithell Colquhoun's evocation of Ireland in *THE CRYING OF THE WIND* (Peter Owen, 15s.). Those of us who are haunted yet by its soft beauty, whether in lake and fell and wild flower or in the sapphire eyes of an Innisfallen boatman and the

dark lilt of a Dublin waitress, will re-focus through the eyes of Miss Colquhoun, who brings an artist's training and inclination to her travels. Many of the illustrations are reproductions of her own drawings and they well convey the picturesque-ramshackle so abundant in the Irish scenery. And her word vignettes deal pleasingly with Yeats, Trinity College's Book of Kells, the Municipal Gallery, the sorry tale of the thirty-nine Lane pictures, with myth and folk-lore, legend and hard facts. We wince when she does not mention that the "smug-faced, pink - and - ginger governess-type" was also the poet whose "All in the April evening" Sir Hugh Robertson was proud to set to music for his Glasgow Orpheus Choir, and are happier to be told of the good taste of Bernadette who picked out "a Siense Madonna as the closest approximation of her vision."

The Tuscan Scene

For "it is in painting that Siena's greatest achievement lies" says Edward Hutton in *SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY* (Hollis & Carter, 21s.). This, the latest of more than a dozen books on the regions and cities of Italy, has all his original power to communicate pleasure in scholarship and interpretation. The deep love that informs all he writes of history, art, architecture, of Italy's great men, of her vineyards and the blue hills, begets in his reader a yearning to recapture the morning bliss of actuality, the first fulfilment of an early dream. Fortunately, it is possible to go back to where we left off and in company with Mr. Hutton doubly profitable. His simplest statements are a stimulant: to read that the Piazza del Duomo of Siena has the silence of Pisa's and the domination of Florence's is to have the three spring distinct and apart in the eye of memory. But it is in the smaller southerly town, such as Certaldo where average holiday-makers only halt, and in the rarer scene, like the olive harvest at winter's edge, that his book becomes most revelatory.

Blood and sand

Revelatory — of our own mixed feelings — is the latest bullfight cicerone Kenneth Tynan. *BULL FEVER* (Longmans, Green, 18s.) is the sort of malady we should expect a critic of his intensity and descriptive gifts to catch. To most of us who have been ordinary foreign spectators, the *plaza de toros* is a stage setting, with players deployed, colour and lighting at their most effective, and movement and sound patterned and timed as if before the altar of a Spanish church; to us, the ceremonial entry, the trumpets, the bull's trial and sentencing and death, are the plot. Small wonder that a man who was producing for the theatre before he left Oxford in 1949 and has been writing about it ever since (writing, as Mr. Alan Dent noted five years ago in the *News Chronicle*, "almost always about acting and directing" and not about plays) should be obsessed by the way it is done. As he puts it, the bullfight is "a logical extension of all the impulses" his temperament holds — "love of grace and valour, of poise and pride; and, beyond these, the capacity to be exhilarated by mastery of technique." Not for him to justify cruelty, or to denounce it (we leave hypocrisy of this order to those who do not object to foxhunting), but to draw in detail "the shape of the fight" in Pamplona, Madrid, Segovia, or Valencia. There is an acute delineation of the styles of Litrí and Ordóñez, and there are tales of men like Belmonte, Domínguez and Manolete. Spanish human nature is much in evidence, among the crowd and in the streets; and tourists do not always escape mockery. There are some choice samples of menu translation (like "Tart of the House" and "Cow-Chops") to add to our own, and the excellent pictures are mostly from ringside photographs. *He That Plays the King* showed us Mr. Tynan writing well and wittily, and here there is an added flavour of sagacity unlooked for in most people under thirty. It is a dazzler of a book, even where there is distaste, on a dazzling and distasteful theme.

Spanish generalship

With the tenacity and strategy of a bullfighter Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba, Duke of Sessa and Terranova, conquered the Moors and was granted an armoury and many Alhambra trappings before he left for southern Italy to rout the French. His life story, told by Gerald de Gaury in *THE GRAND CAPTAIN* (Longmans, Green, 18s.), embraces a period of late fifteenth century history when, although the Battle of Granada is deemed one of the world's decisive victories, there was more to come in new tactical ideas. He was to use gunpowder against Turkish arrows; light infantry, assault columns and mines were of his devising, and Colonel de Gaury regards him as the first commando leader and modern general. It was the era of Christopher Columbus, of Torquemada the Inquisitor to be, of Cesare Borgia, on the threshold of a new world of terror and enterprise. *El Gran Capitán* himself became Viceroy of Naples, and the city wept to see him go. In his house in balconied Granada, "fast closed against the wind from the snow-bound sierra" he died in 1515.

Egypt awakening?

A similar construction of history through the lives of men is the sensible method of H. Wood Jarvis to bridge the vast distance from PHAROAH TO FAROUK (*John Murray*, 21s.) With the Great Pyramid casting its shadow right across magnificent Thebes, the Israelite age, imperial Alexandria, the career of Cleopatra, Roman and Arab conquest, Napoleon in Cairo, the Suez Canal, Nelson's 'Battle of the Nile,' British occupation, Gordon and Kitchener, Fashoda and El Alamein, Fuad and Farouk, the author's final chapters reach the scene in the pageant where General Nequib is deposed in 1954. *Tour de force* in compression as this book is, it has only room left for a question mark on Egypt's future.

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